

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

HANNA-BARBERA

15c

10006-904
APRIL

THE FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES



Hanna-Barbera
THE
FLINTSTONES

PEBBLES' PLAYMATE



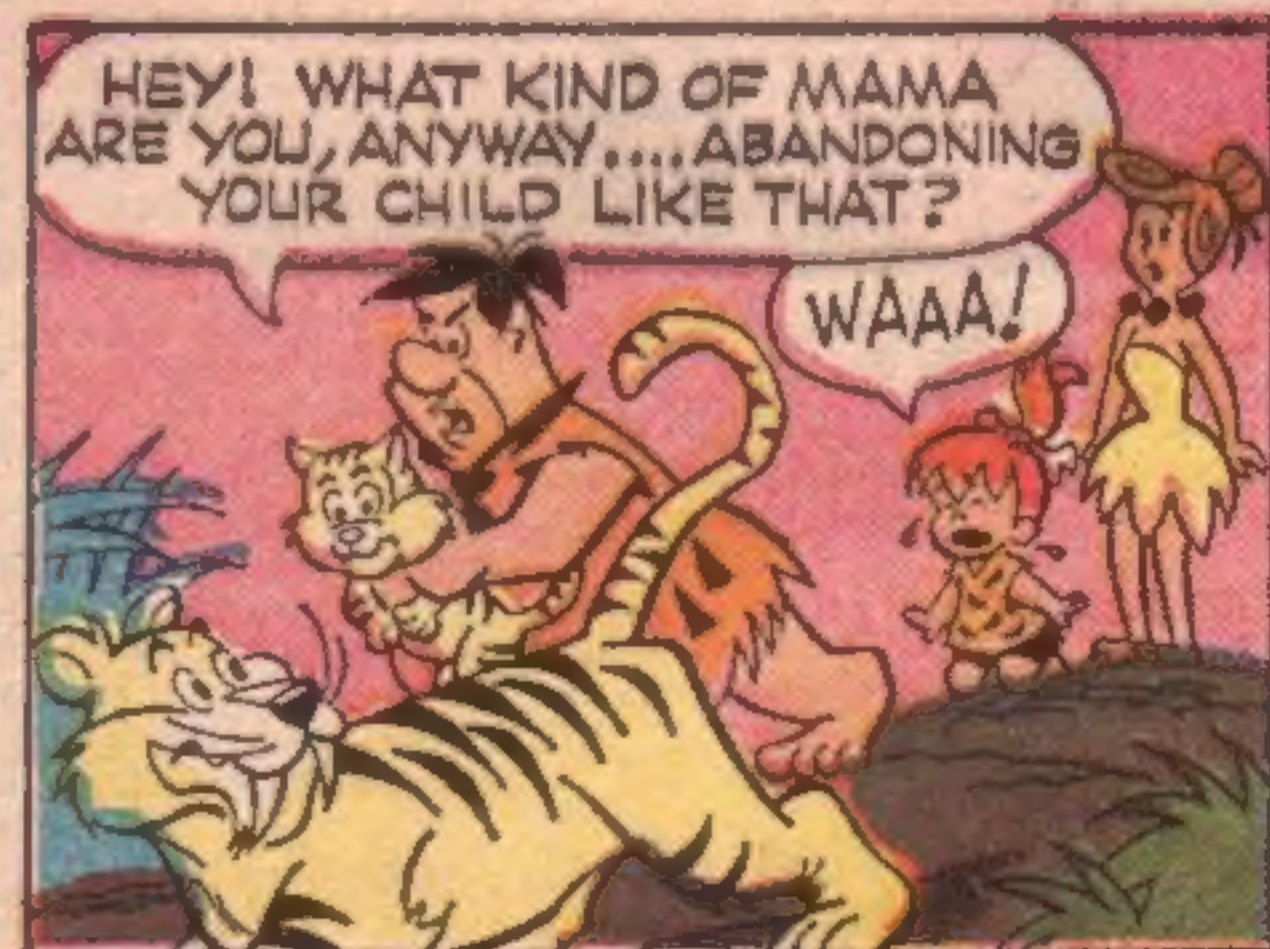
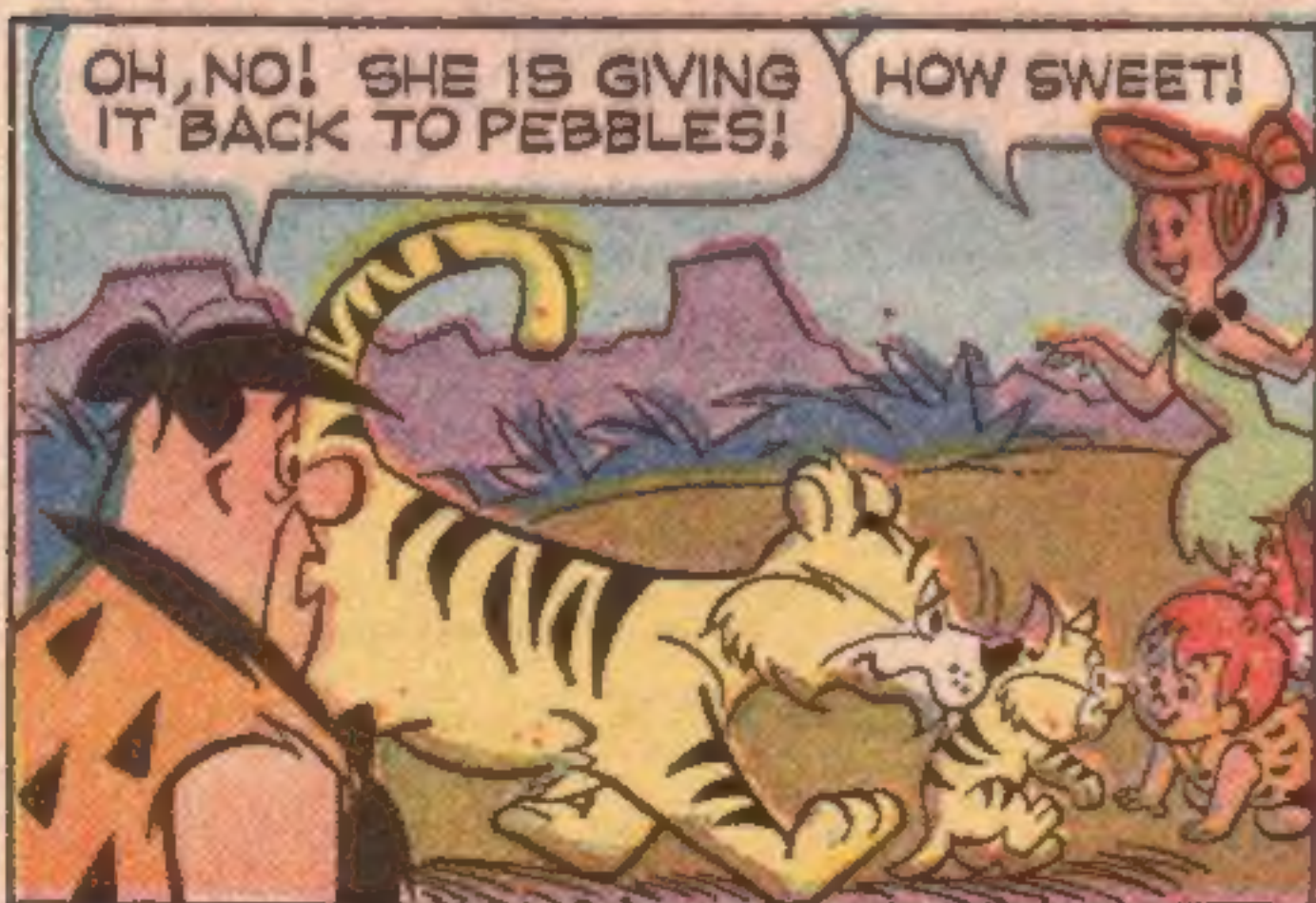
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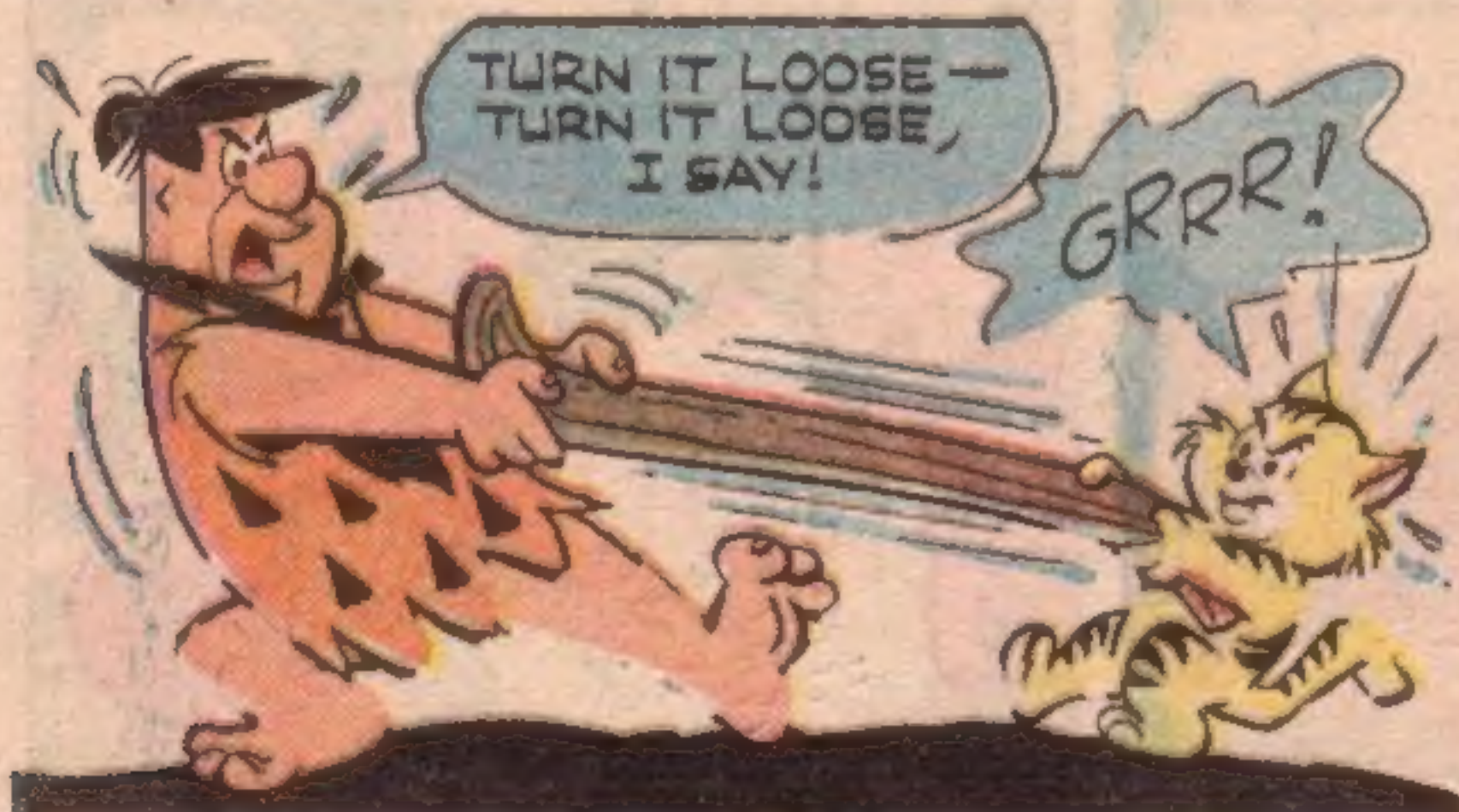
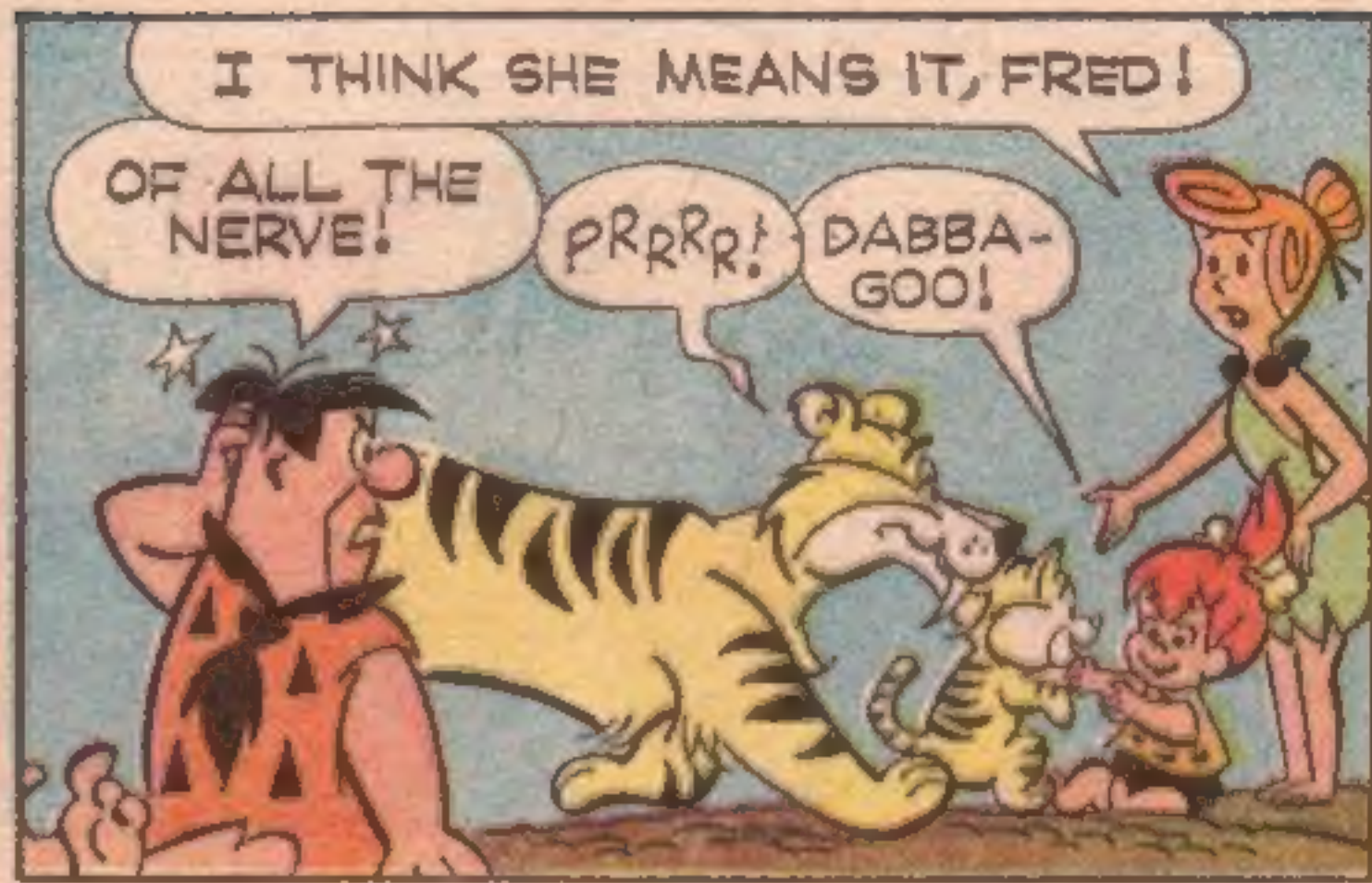
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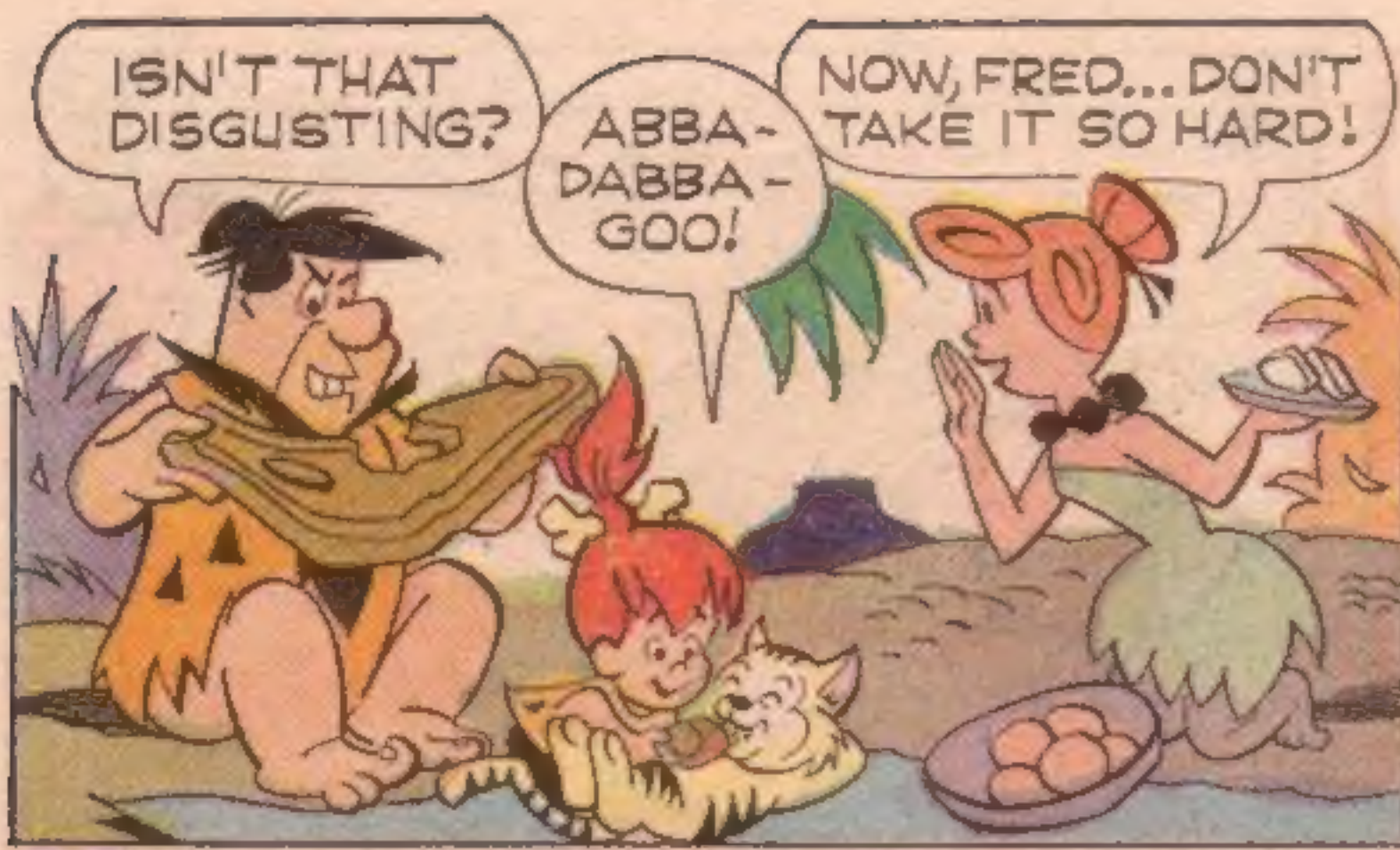
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WILMA, ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS?

OF COURSE NOT, FRED! IT MUST'VE SNEAKED INTO THE BASKET WHILE MY BACK WAS TURNED!

Fred and Wilma are shown from the chest up. Fred is on the left, looking at Wilma with a questioning expression. Wilma is on the right, looking back at him with her hands raised in a gesture of surprise or denial.

LOOK AT THAT! WE SIMPLY HAVE TO LET HER KEEP IT!

DA-DA-DOO-GOO!

PURR-PURR-

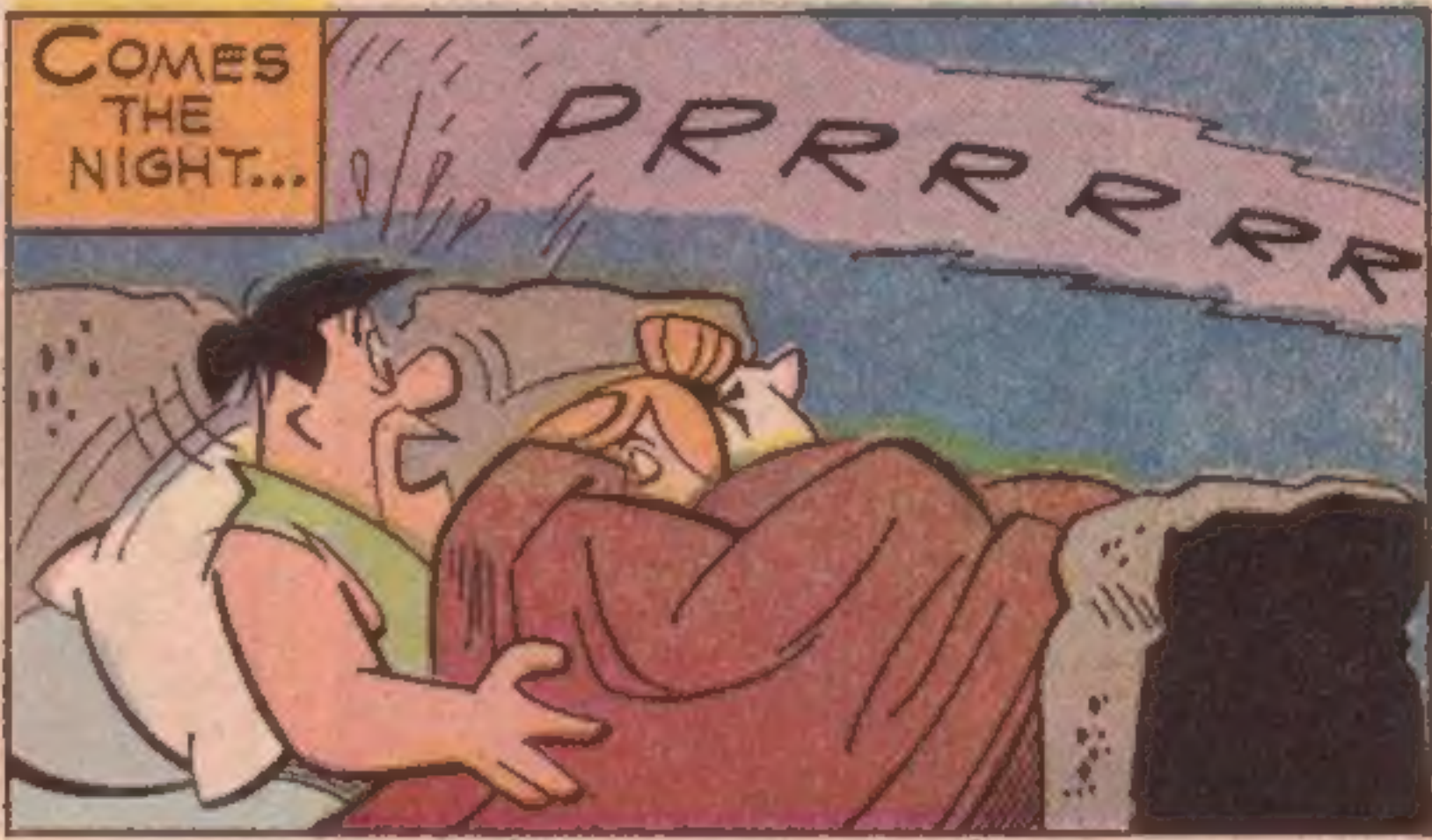
Fred and Wilma are looking at a small, spotted cat. Fred is on the left, looking at the cat with a surprised expression. Wilma is on the right, looking at the cat with a smile. The cat is sitting and looking back at them.

OH, ALL RIGHT... I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED!

Fred is shown from the chest up, looking surprised with his mouth open and hands raised.

COMES THE NIGHT...

PRRRRRRR

Fred and Wilma are shown sleeping in a bed. Fred is on the left, wearing a green shirt, and Wilma is on the right, wearing a red dress. They are both covered with a red blanket. The background is dark, indicating it is nighttime.

TWO HOURS LATER...

PRRRRRRR

I CAN'T STAND IT!

Fred is shown lying in bed, looking uncomfortable. He is wearing a green shirt and is covered with a red blanket. He is holding a pillow to his face. The background is dark, indicating it is nighttime.

THAT VARMIN'T HAS GOT TO GO! I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP!

PRRRRRRR

Fred is shown sitting up in bed, looking angry. He is wearing a green shirt and is holding a pillow. The background is dark, indicating it is nighttime.

WHAT PEOPLE DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT THEM! I'LL PRETEND THIS LITTLE PEST GOT HOMESICK AND WENT BACK TO HIS MAMA!

Fred is shown running towards the right, carrying the cat in his arms. He is wearing a green shirt and is barefoot. The background shows a cave entrance and a crescent moon in the sky.



SCAT... SHOO!
SCRAM!

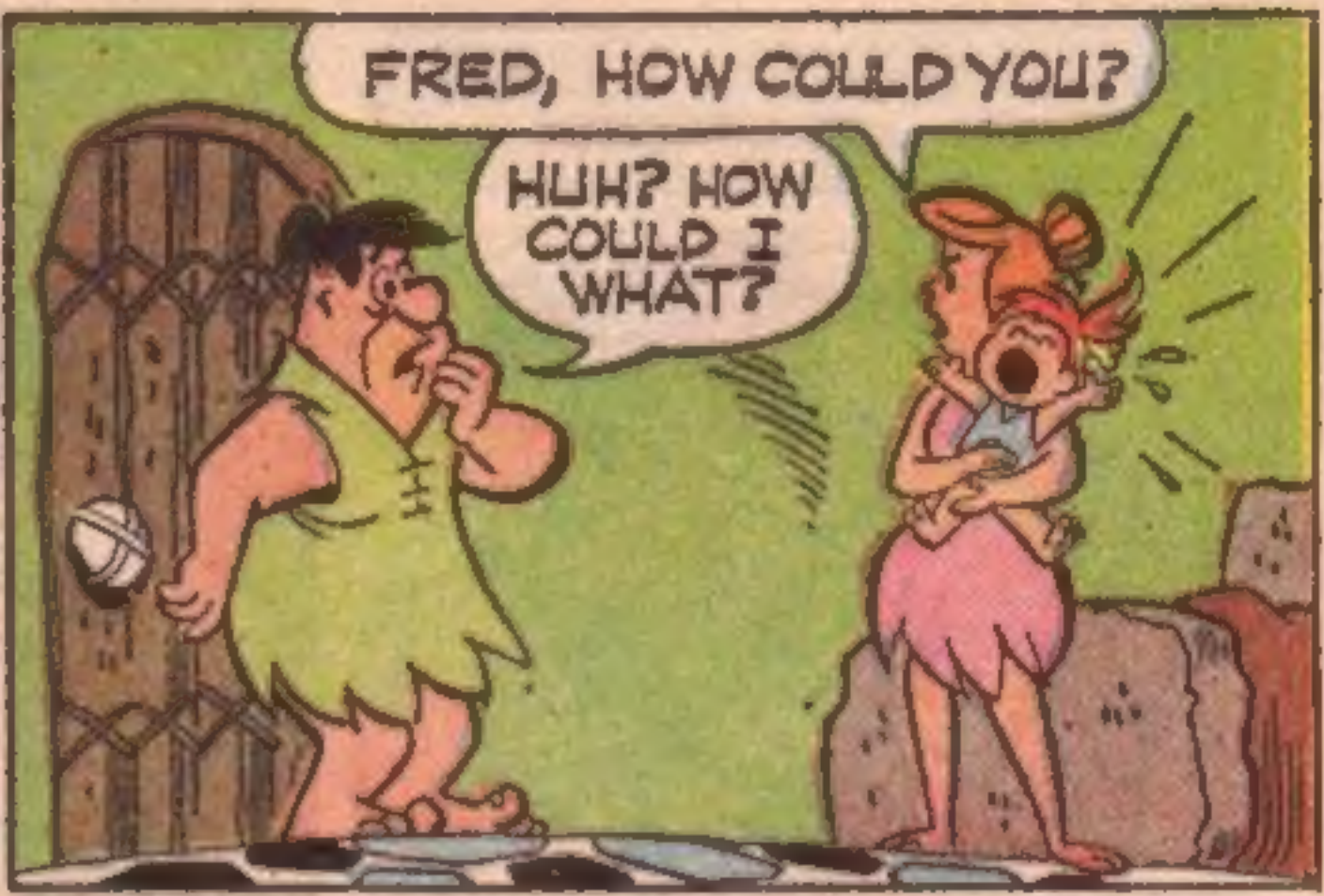


THERE! HE'LL FIND HIS
MOTHER AGAIN AND WON'T
GIVE US ANY MORE TROUBLE!



YEOW! WAAA! WAAA!

I WONDER WHAT'S
WRONG WITH PEBBLES!



FRED, HOW COULD YOU?

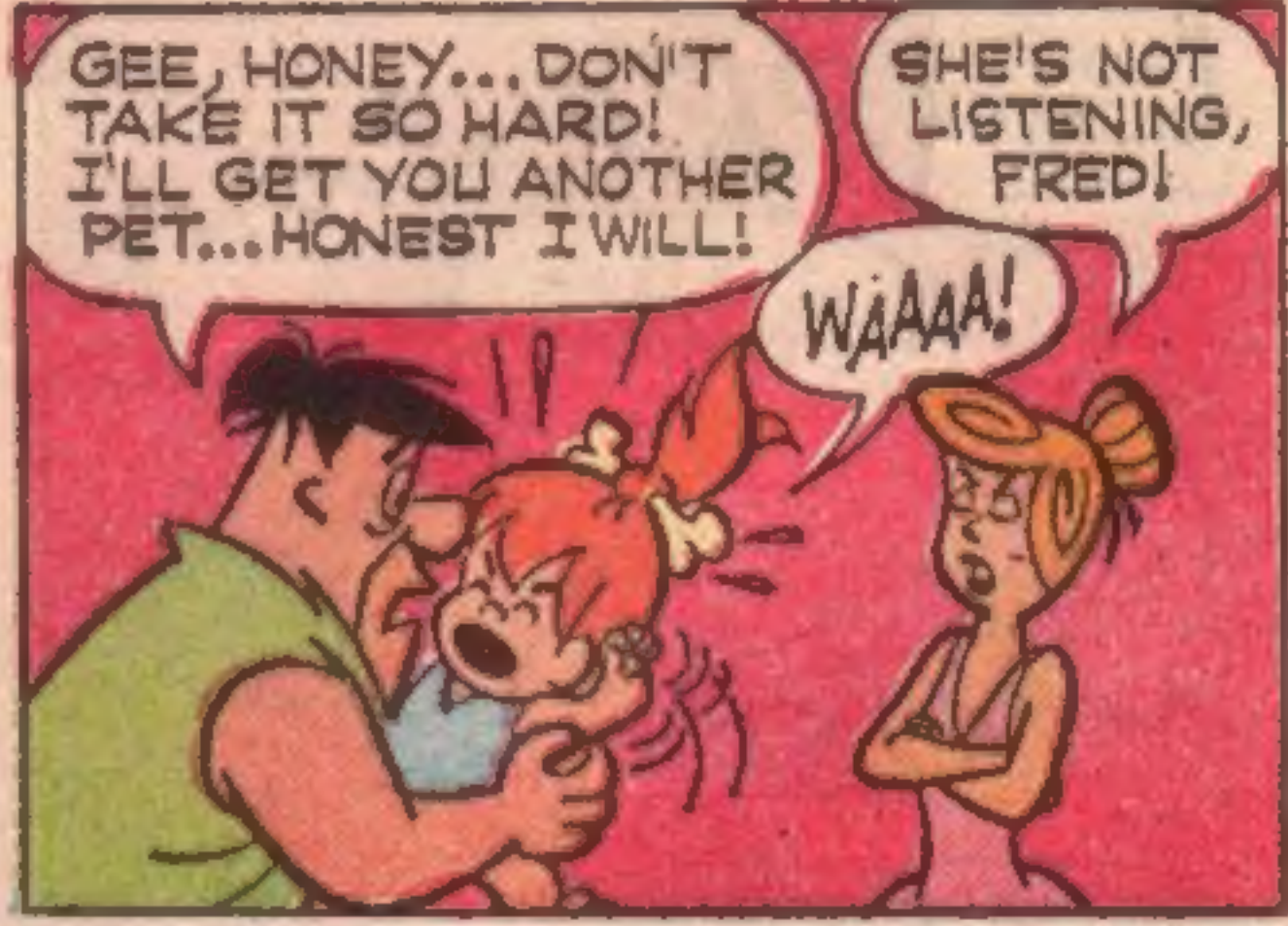
HUH? HOW
COULD I
WHAT?



FRED FLINTSTONE, YOU KNOW VERY
WELL WHAT I'M
TALKING ABOUT!

UH-A...WELL, IT
WAS KEEPING ME
AWAKE AND I JUST HAD
TO DO *SOMETHING*!

WAA!



GEE, HONEY...DON'T
TAKE IT SO HARD!
I'LL GET YOU ANOTHER
PET...HONEST I WILL!

SHE'S NOT
LISTENING,
FRED!

WAAAA!



GEE...WHAT AM
I GONNA DO?

YOU FIGURE
IT OUT, FRED!

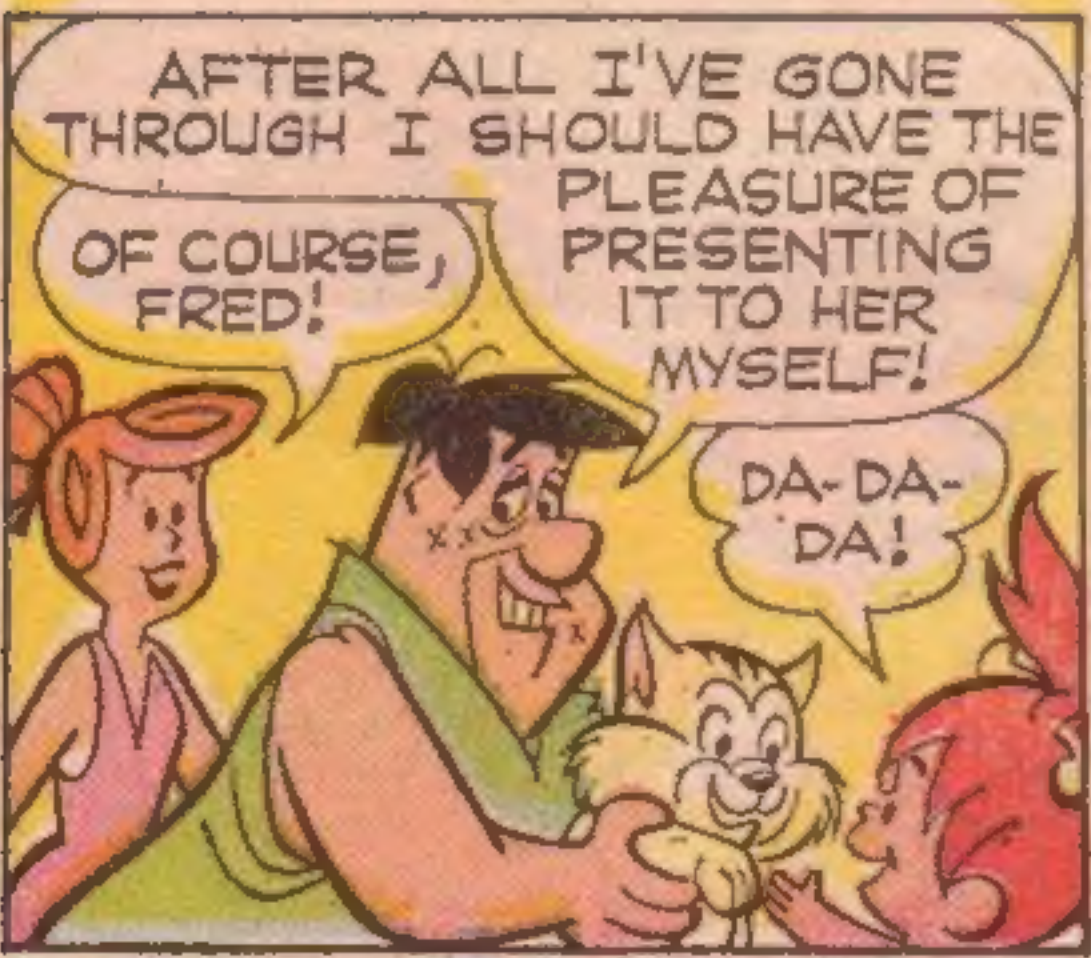
WAAA!



AW, WILMA...YOU CAN'T
EXPECT ME TO GO BACK
OUT THERE! IT'S DOWN-
RIGHT DANGEROUS!

YOU DIDN'T
MIND GOING
THE FIRST
TIME!







LOOK, BARNEY! ALL THIS IS JUST A GIMMICK TO HELP SELL MORE "LUCKY BASALT" BOWLING BALLS!

YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN LUCK, FRED?

CERTAINLY NOT!

THEN DO YOU MIND IF I HAVE THAT GOOD-LUCK PIECE?

BE MY GUEST, BARNEY!

GEE, THANKS, FRED!

ALL IT TAKES IS TALENT AND THE RIGHT GRIP... WATCH THIS!

ER... DON'T GET CARRIED AWAY, FRED!

WHAM!

CRASH!

OH, NO!

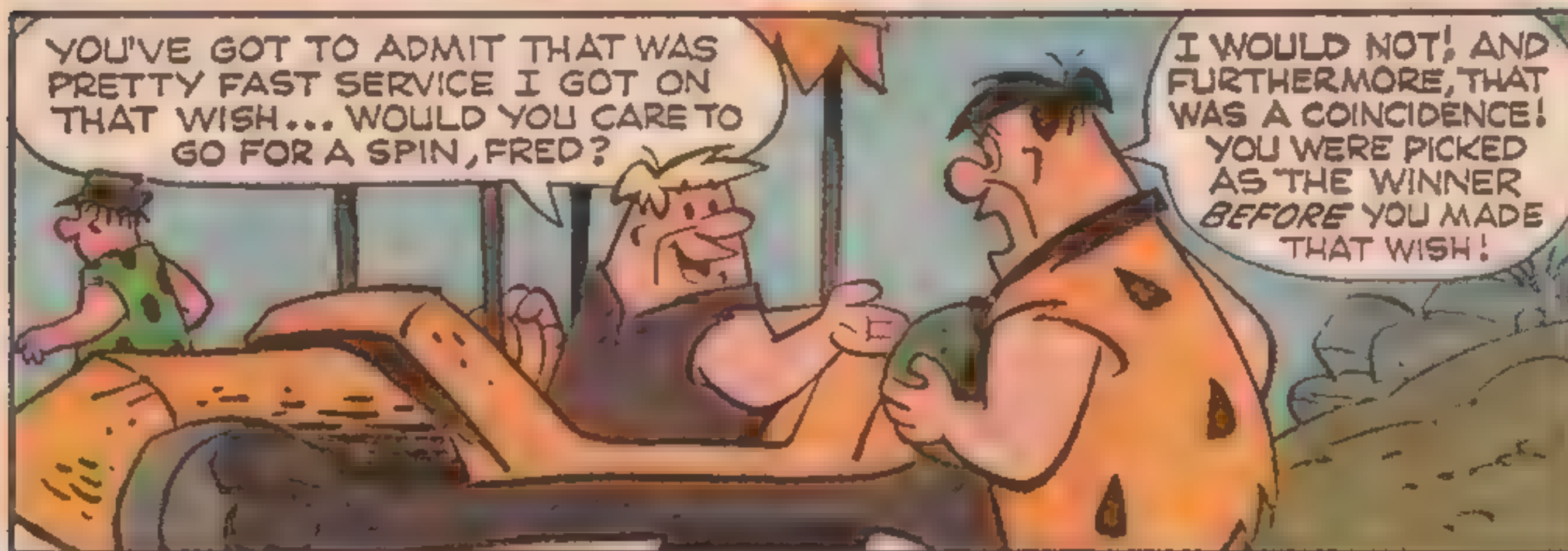
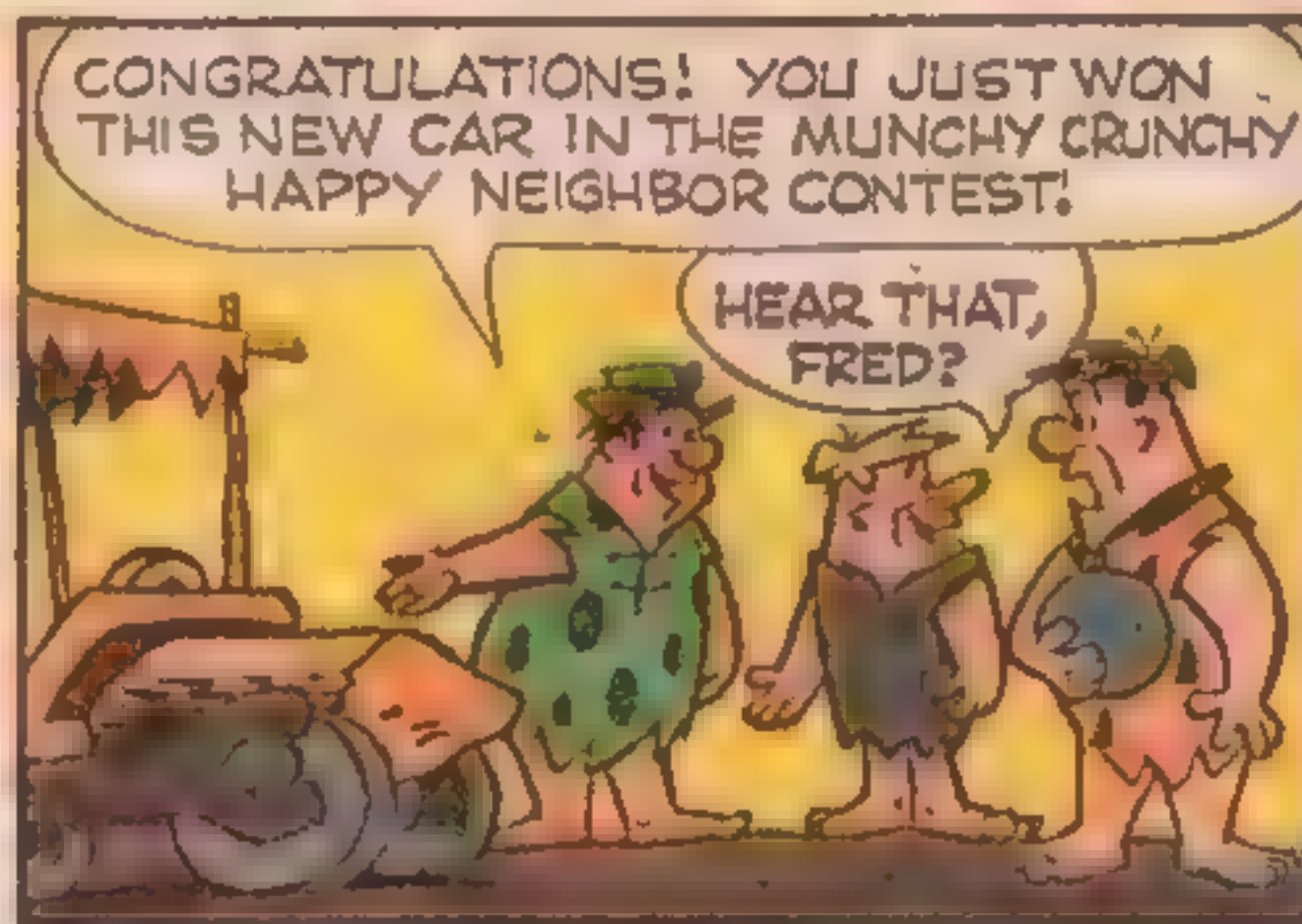
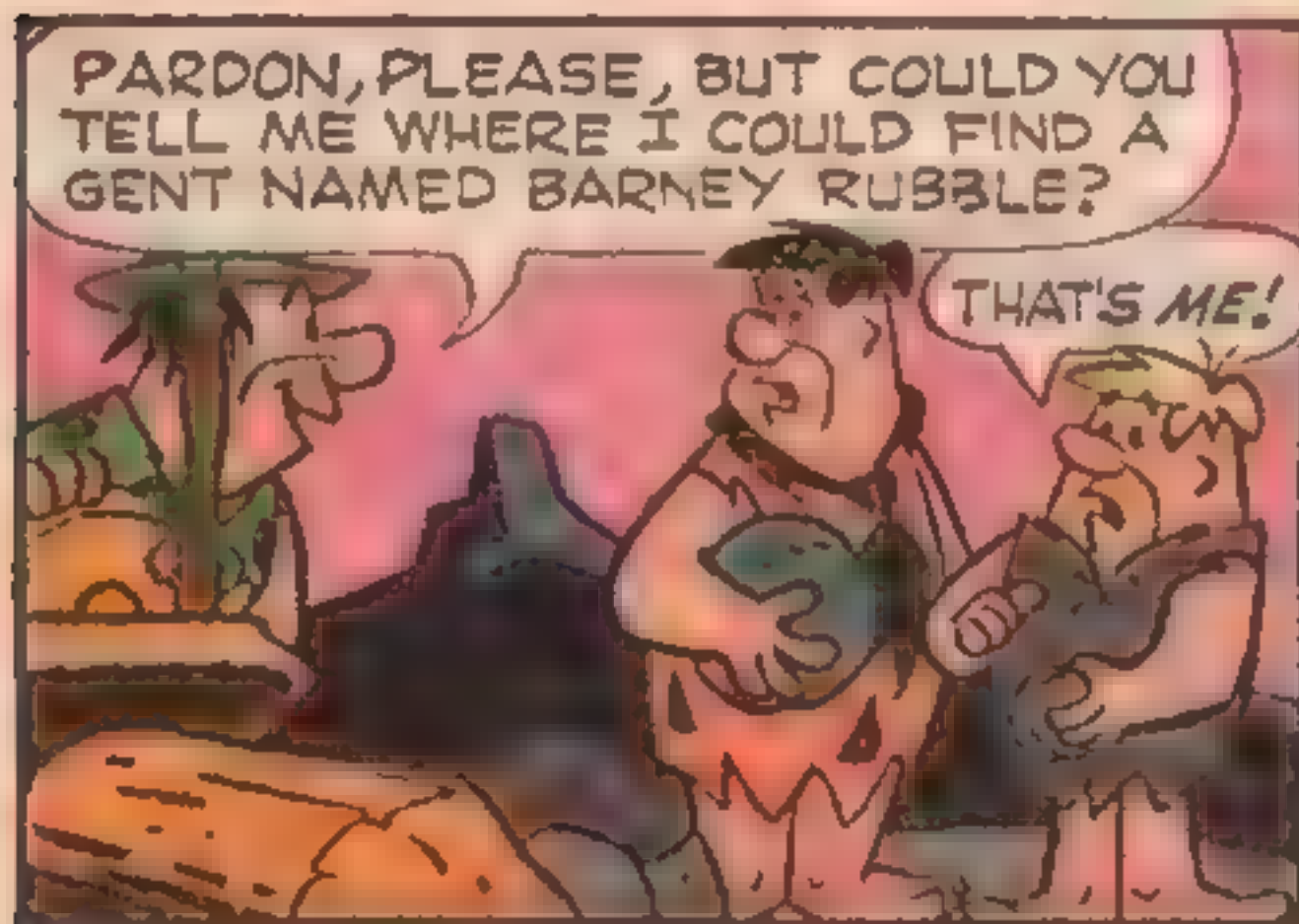
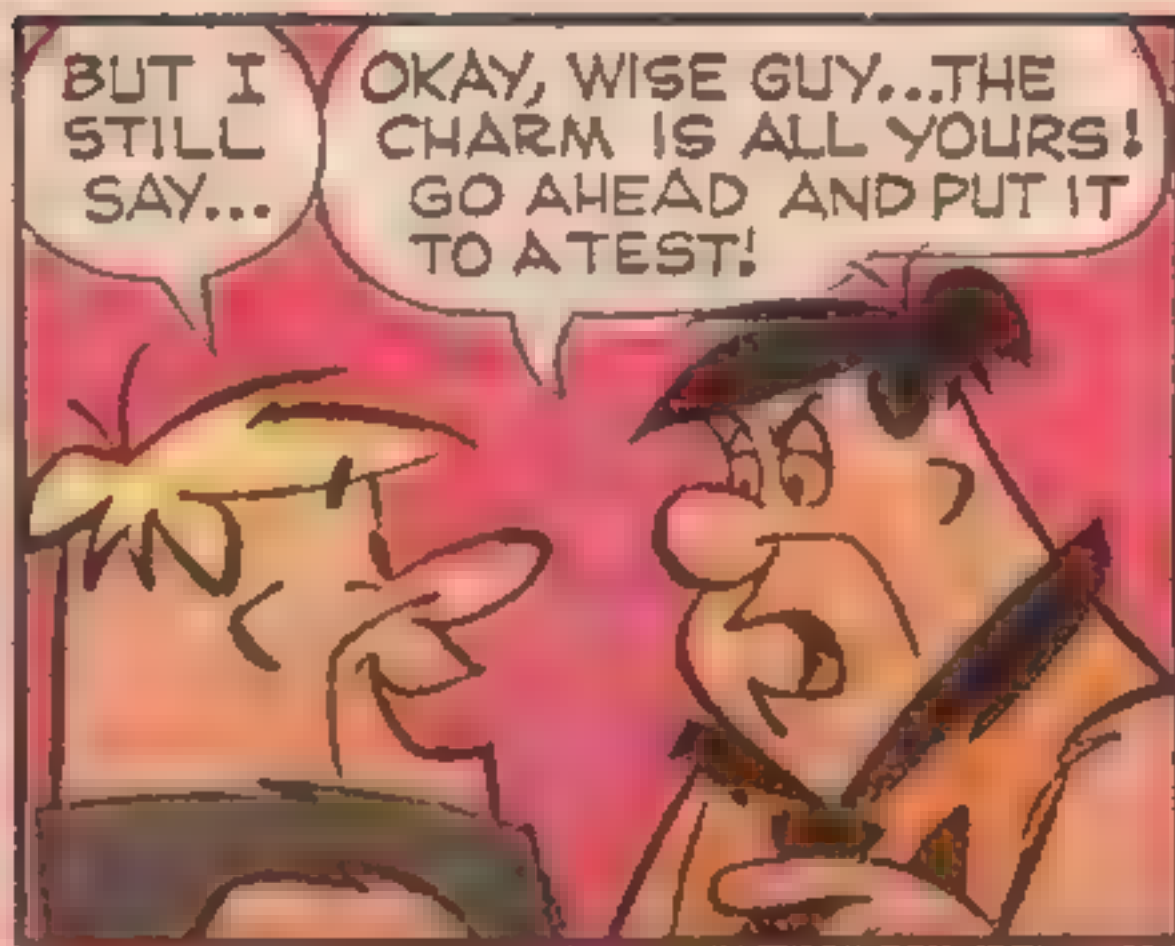
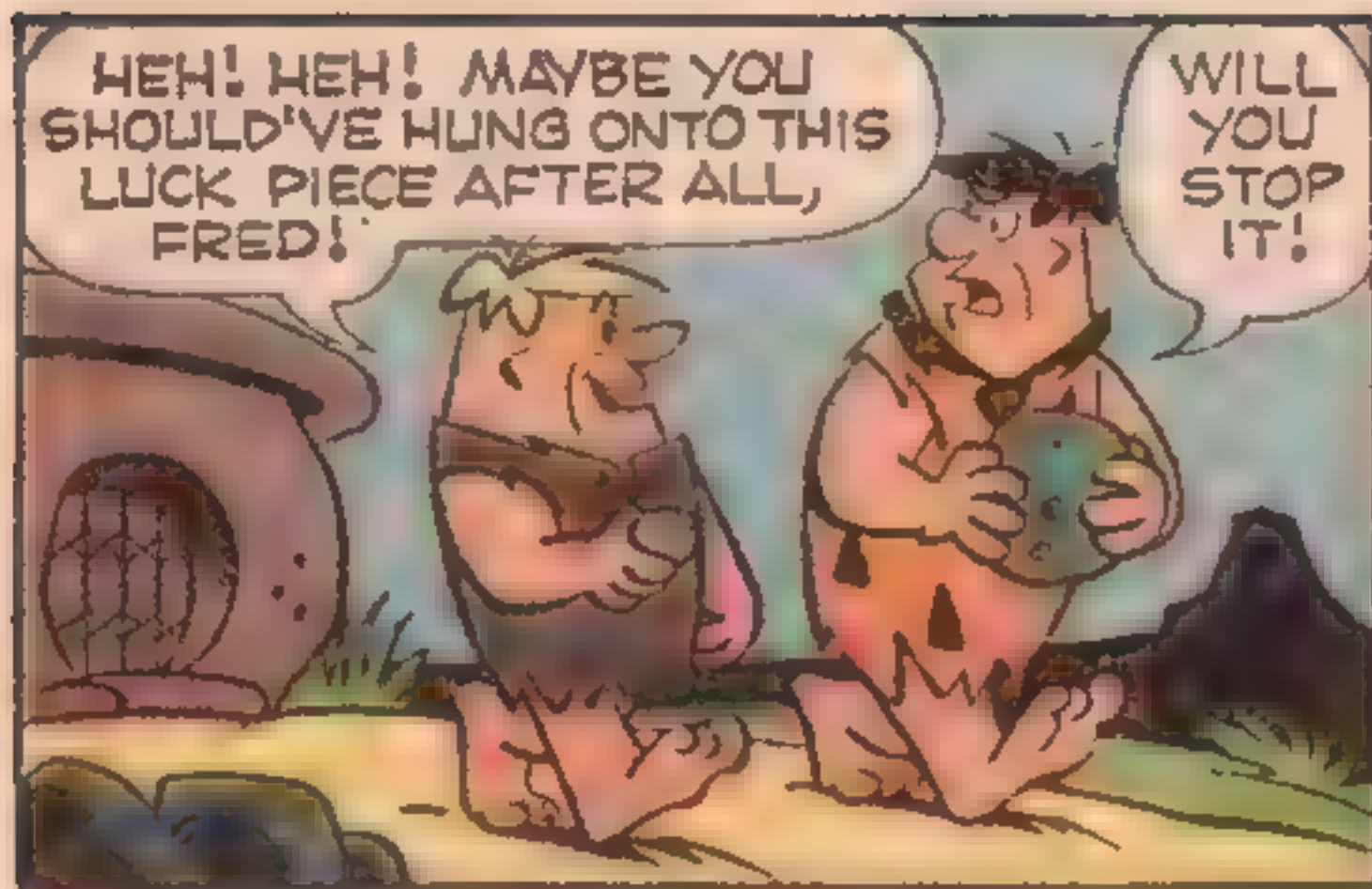
LOOKS LIKE YOU MADE A STRIKE, ALL RIGHT, FRED!

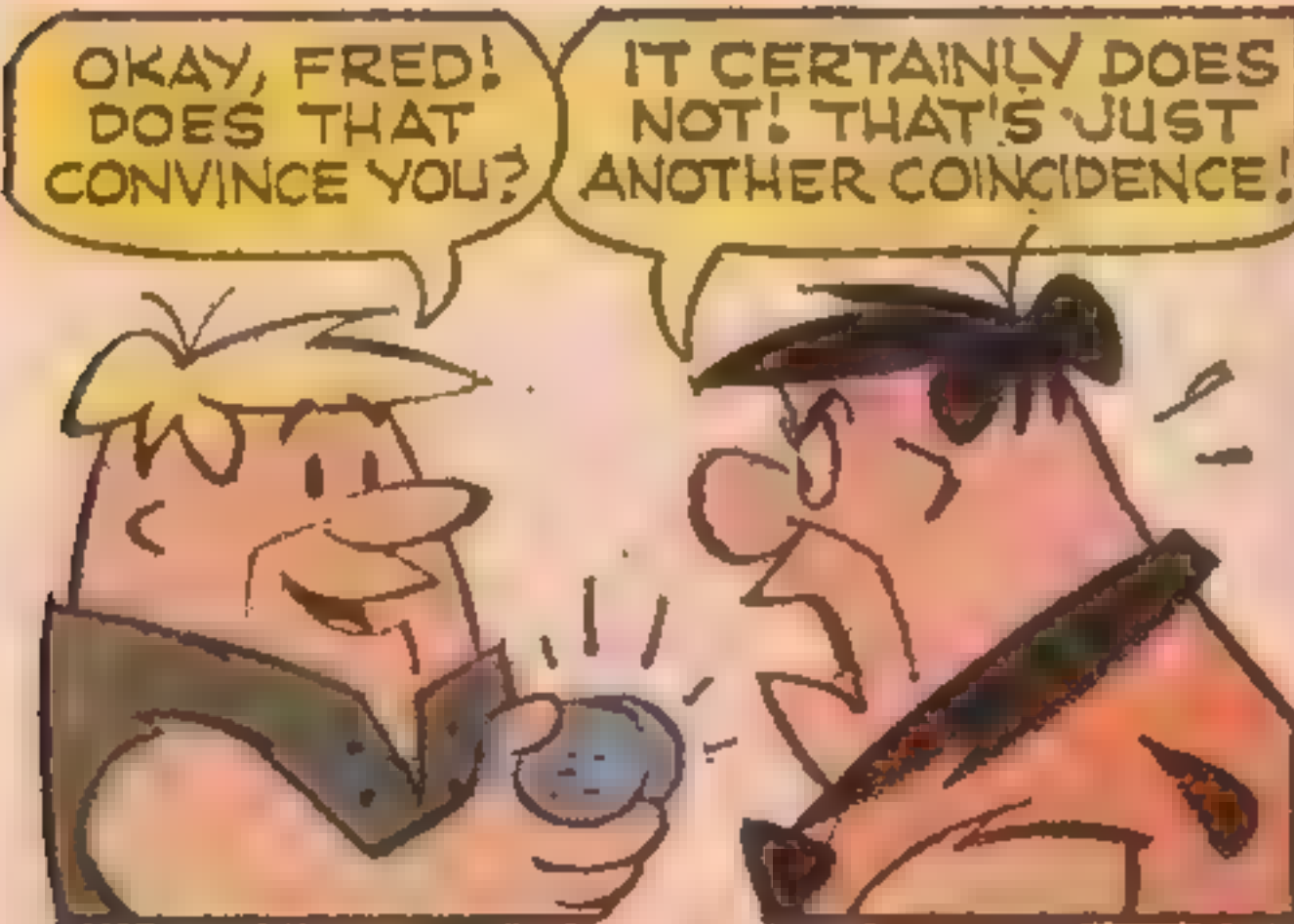
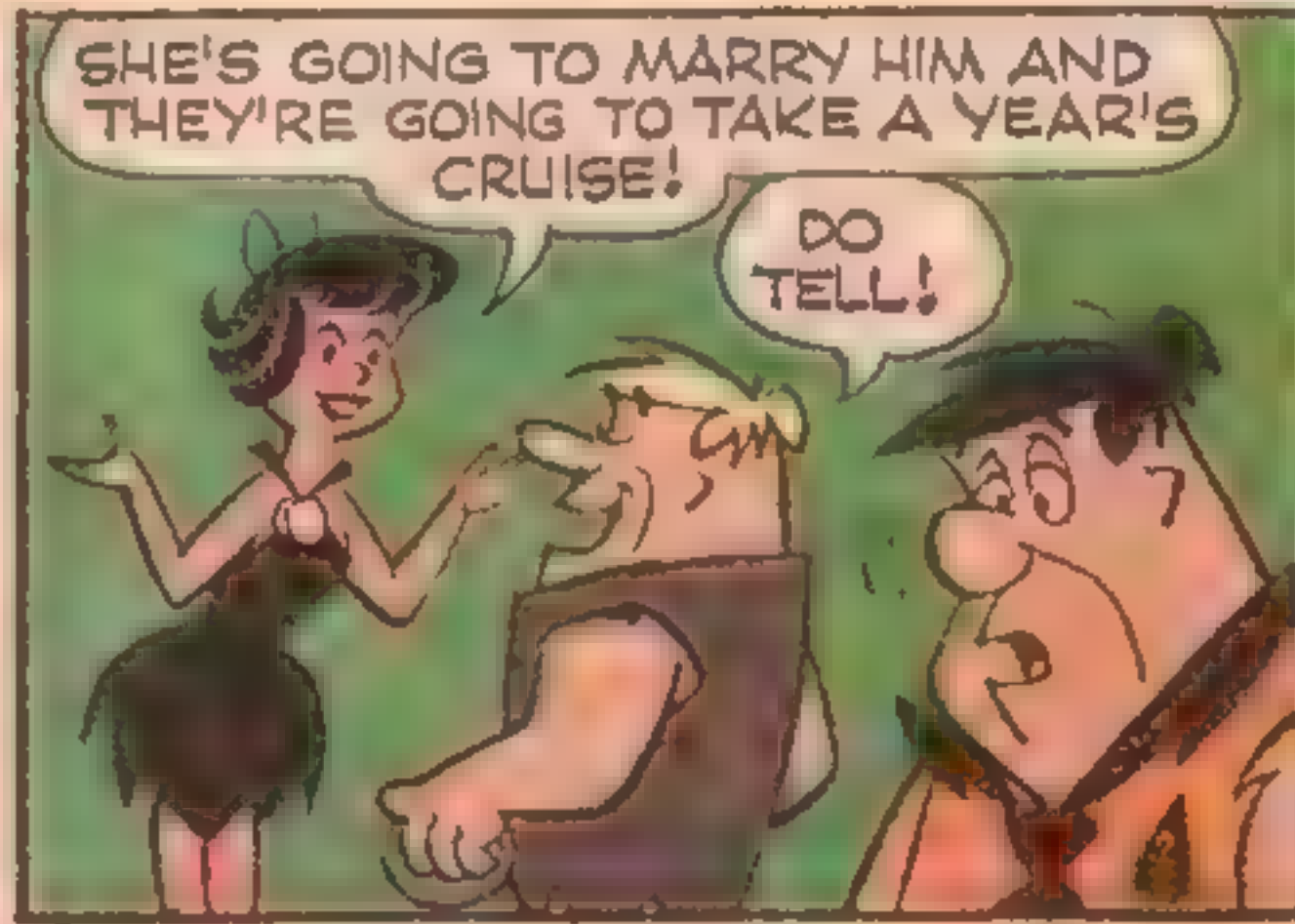
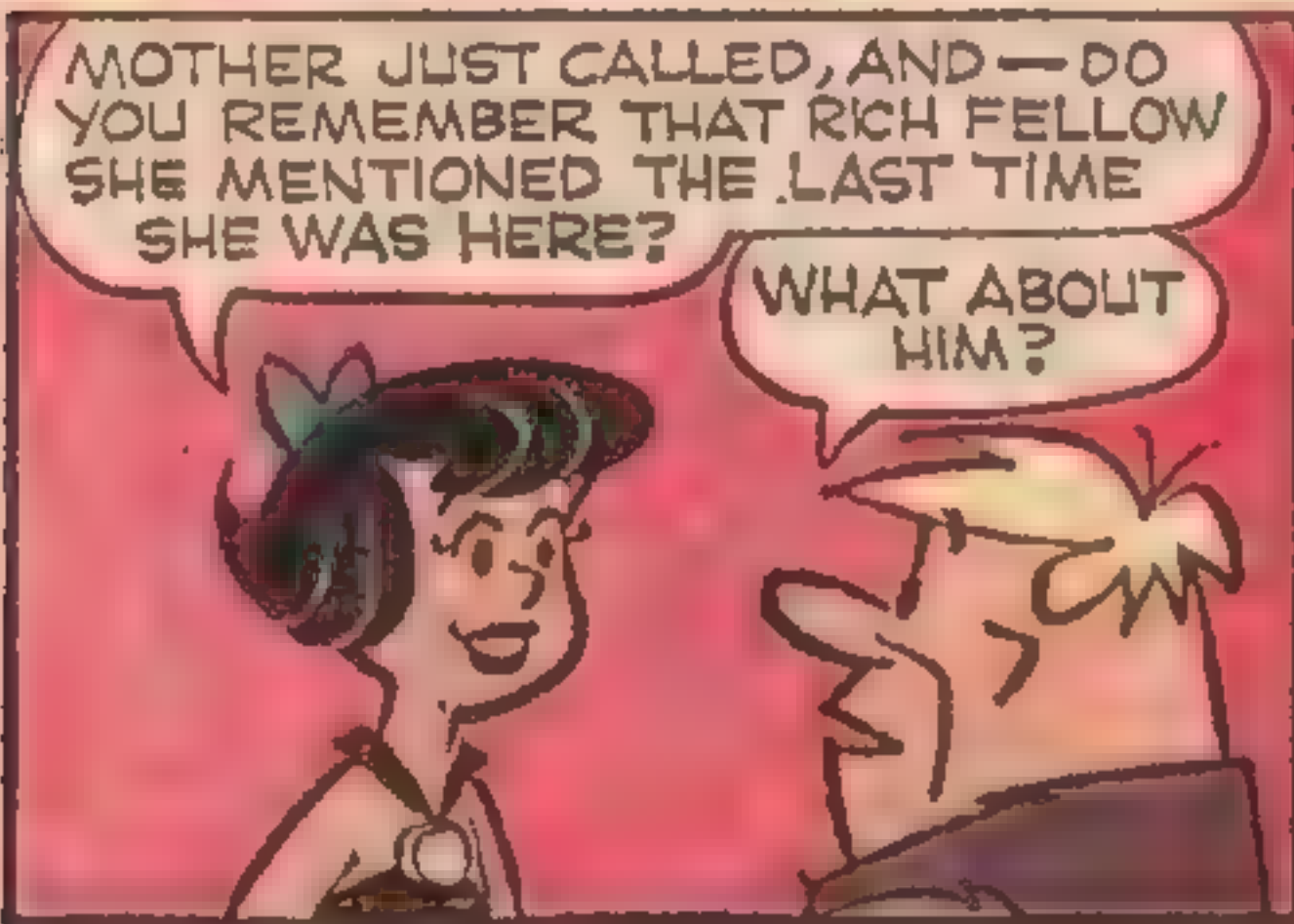
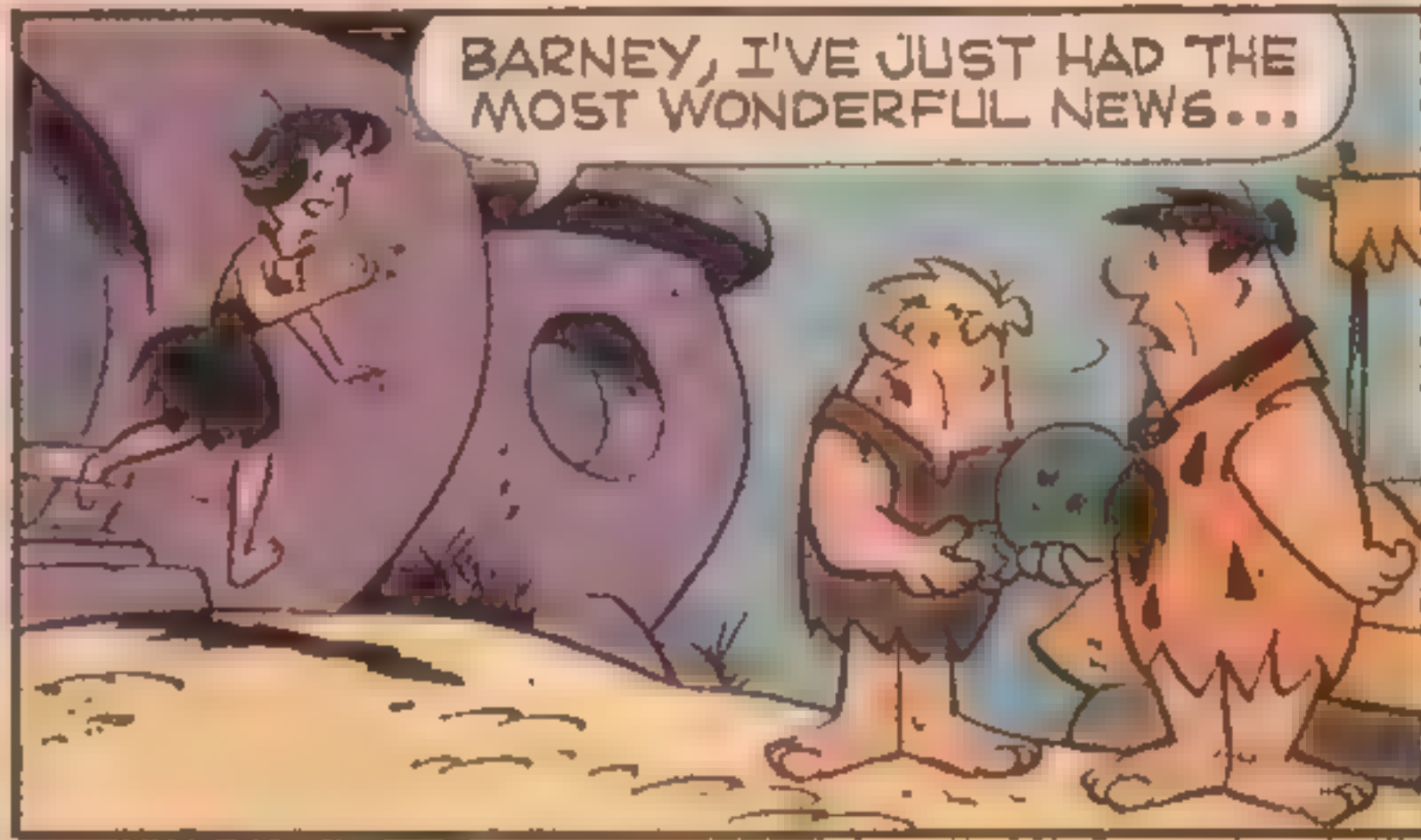
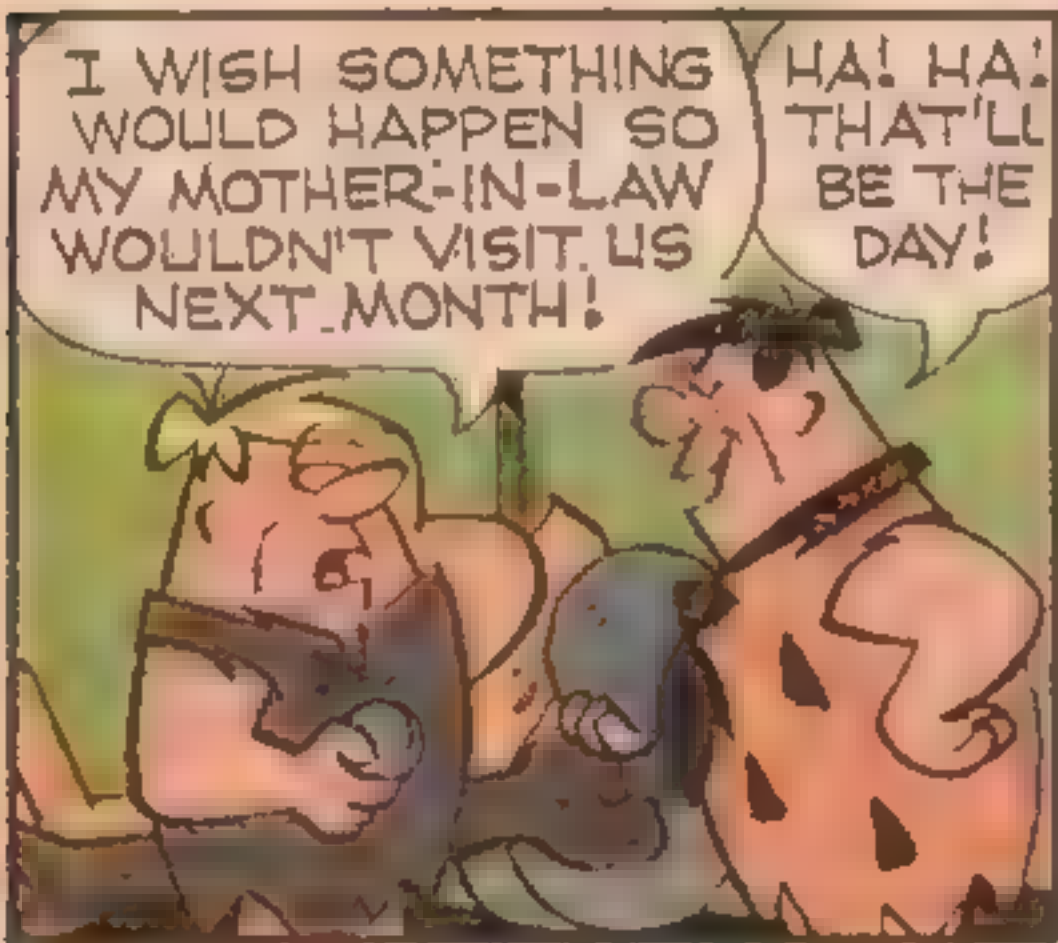
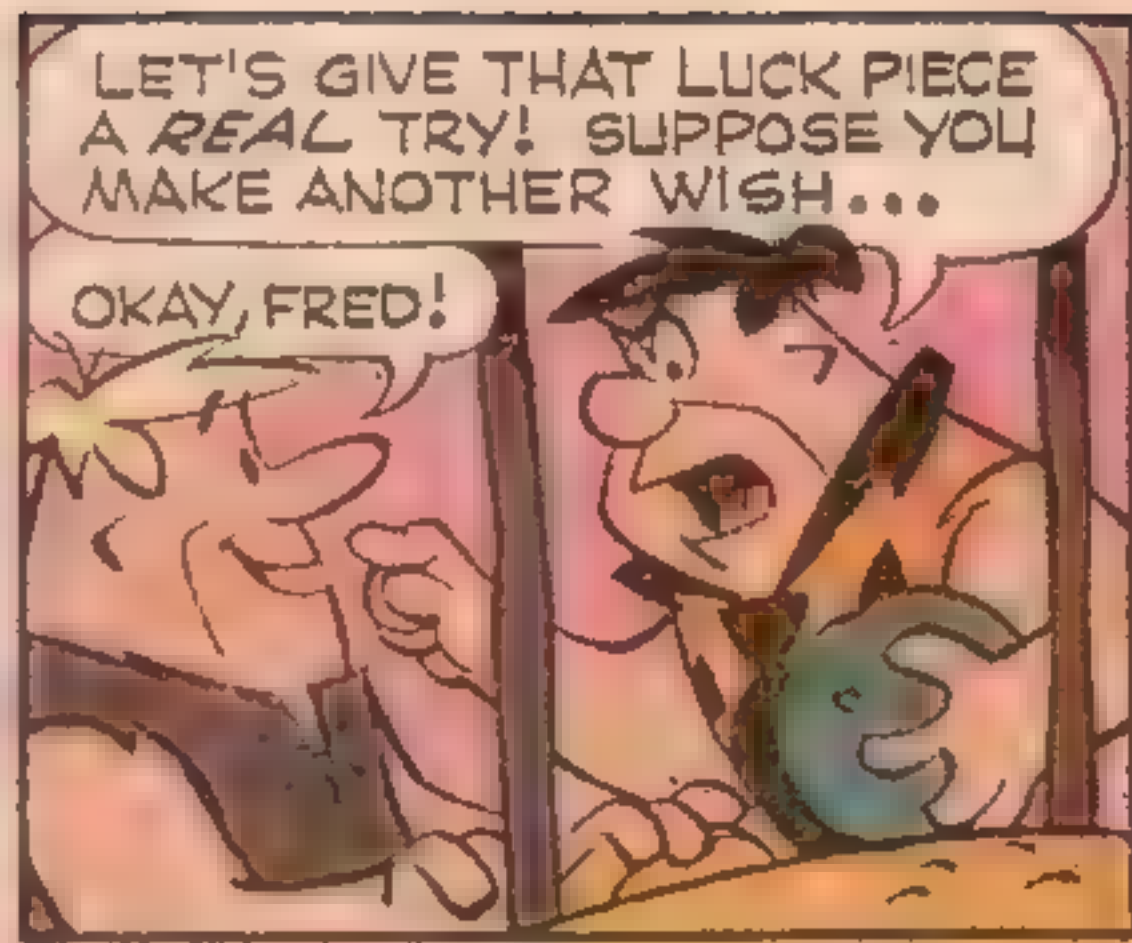
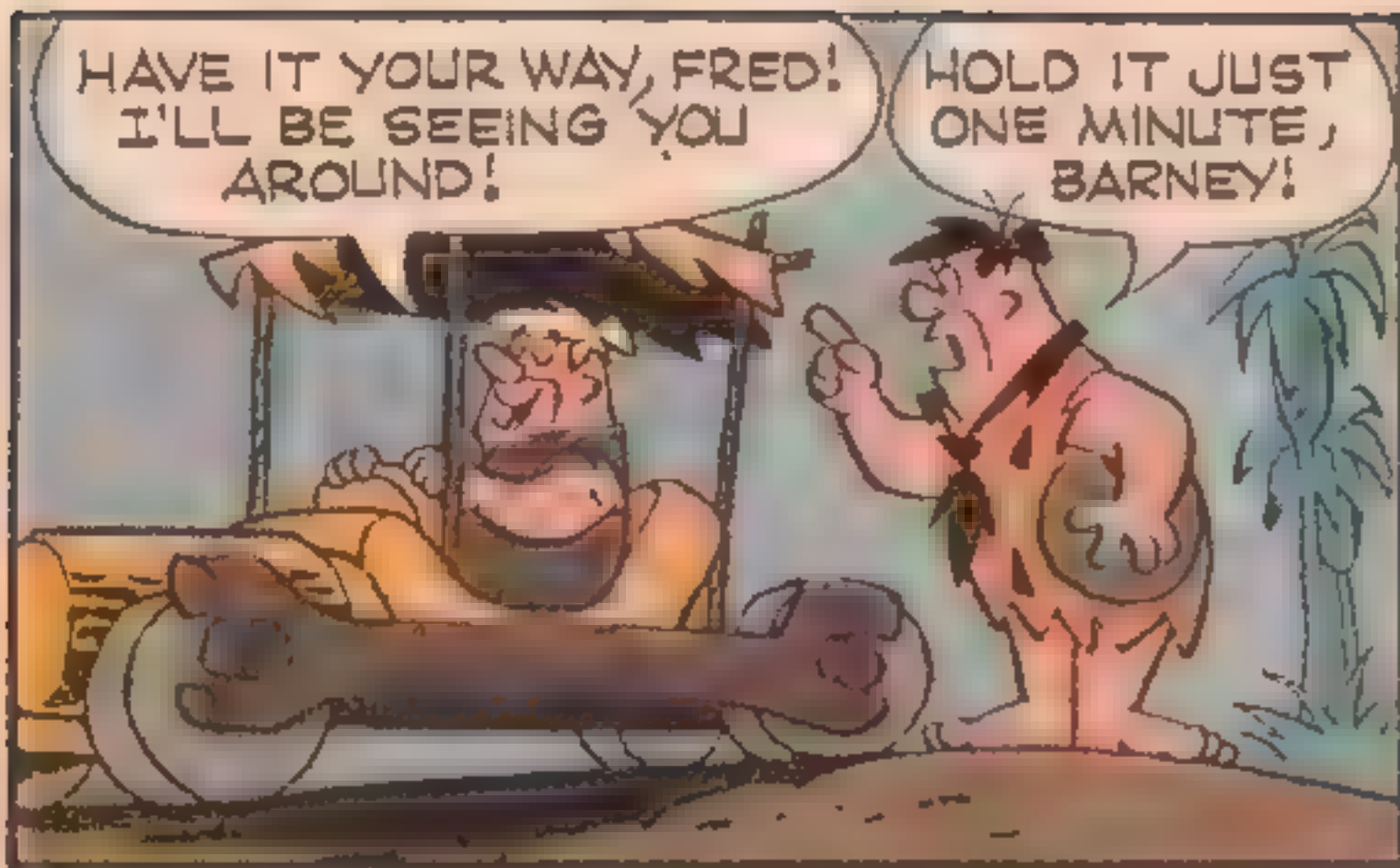
FRED FLINTSTONE! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO ROLL BOWLING BALLS IN THE HOUSE?

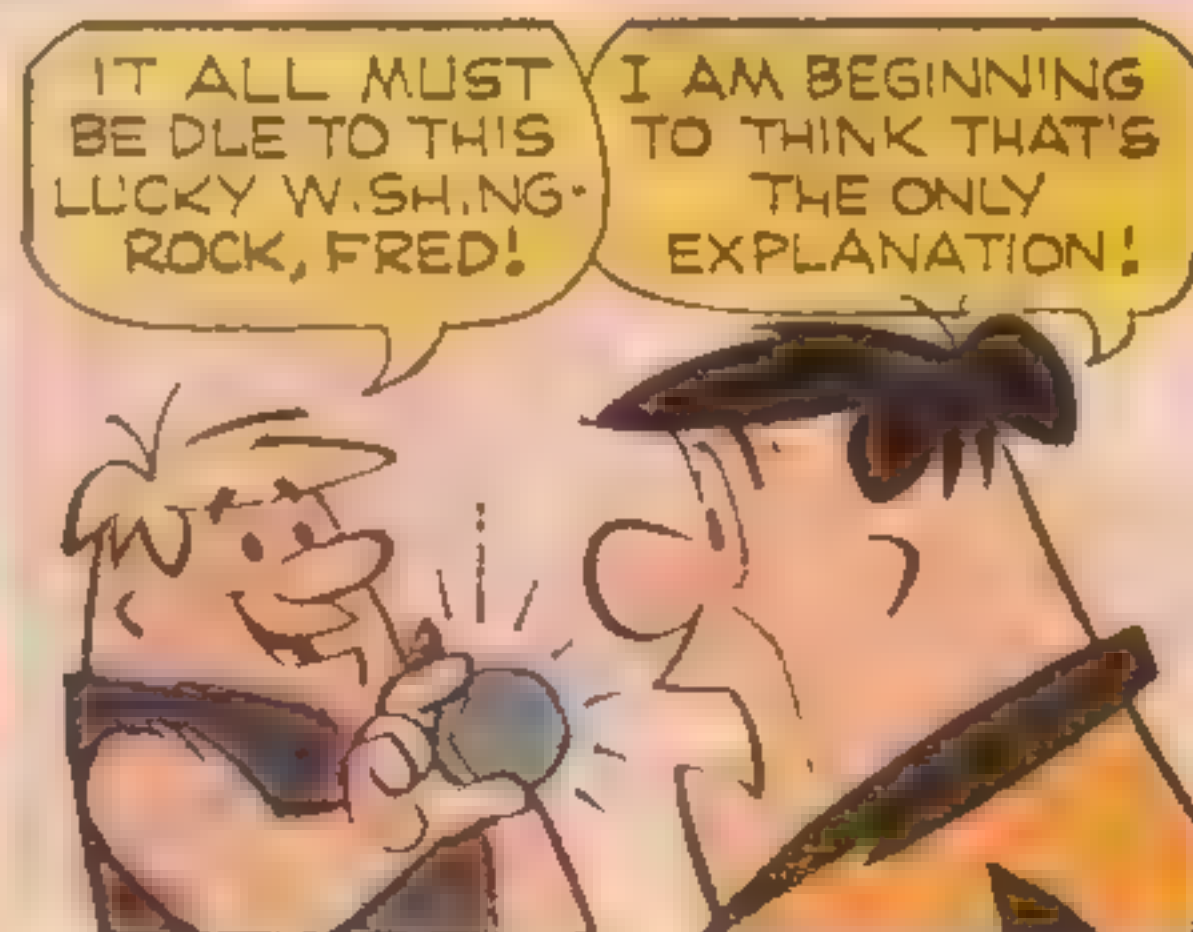
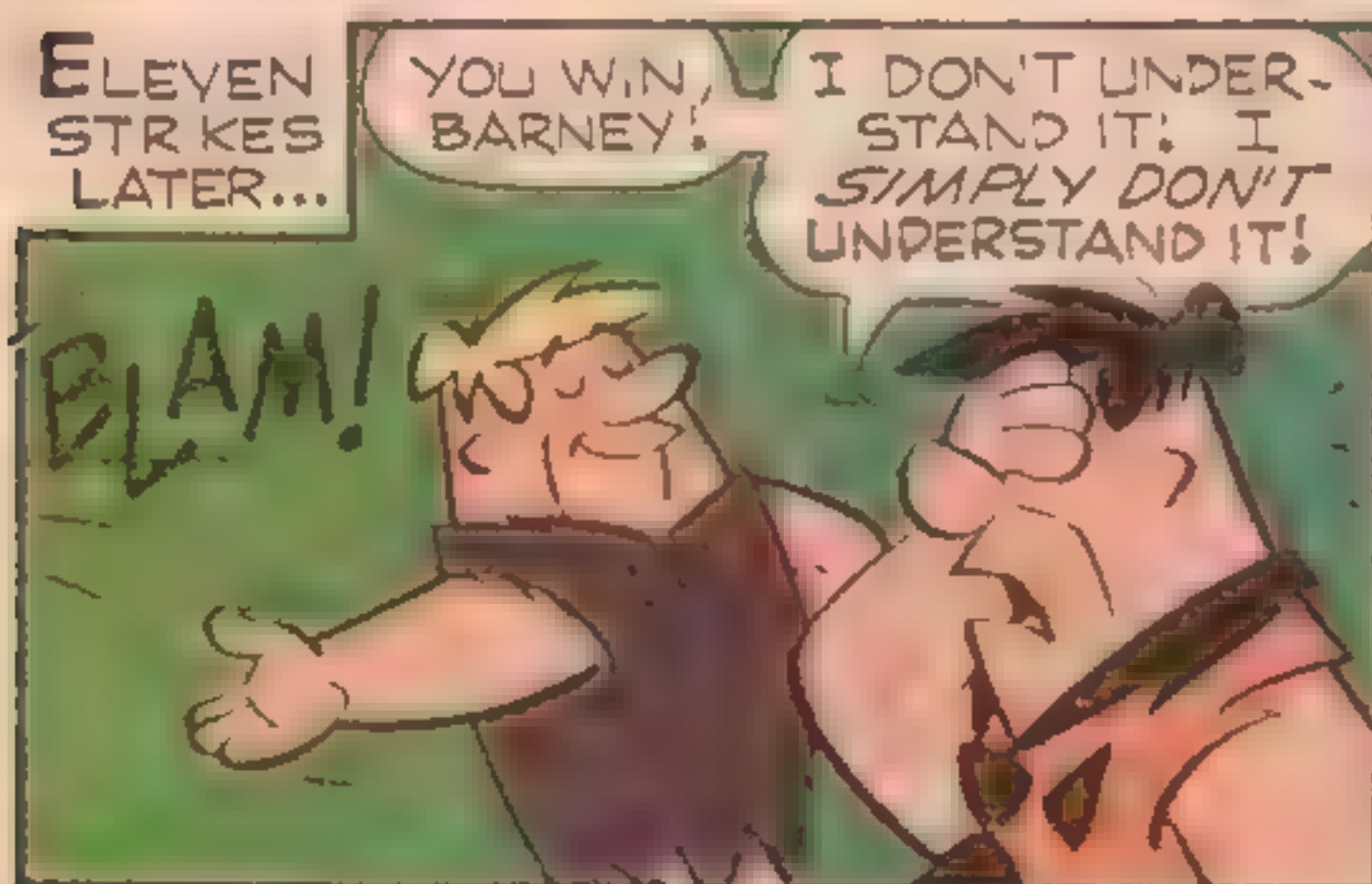
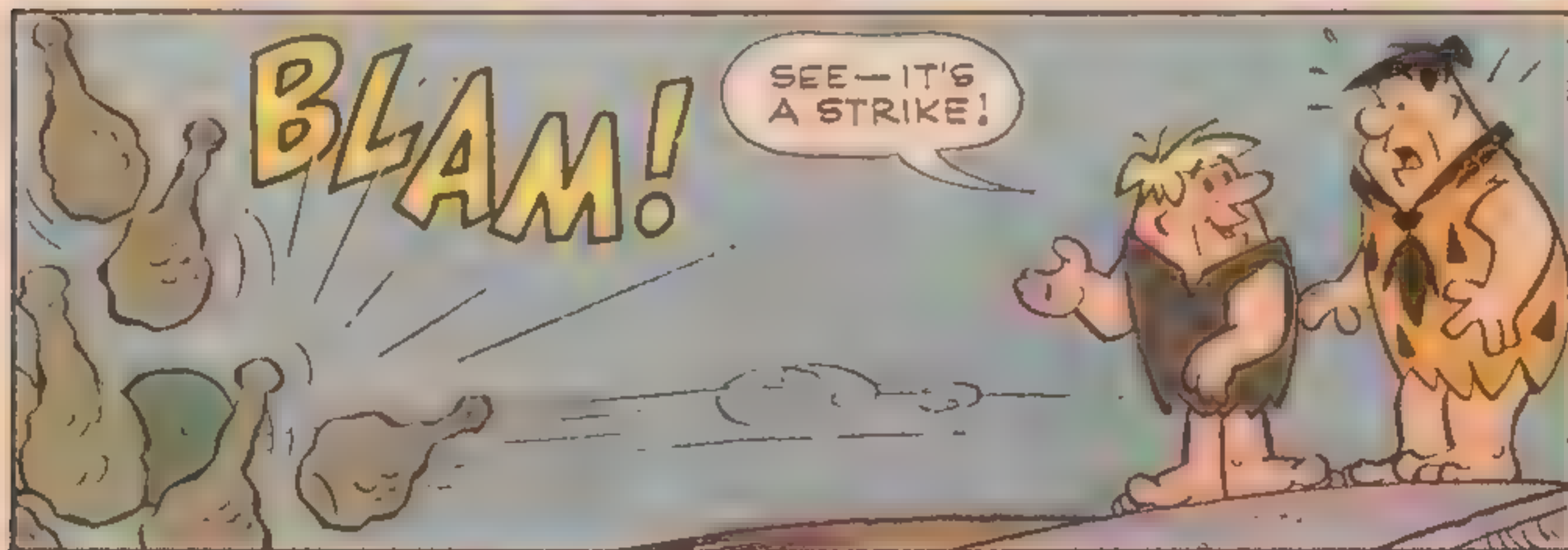
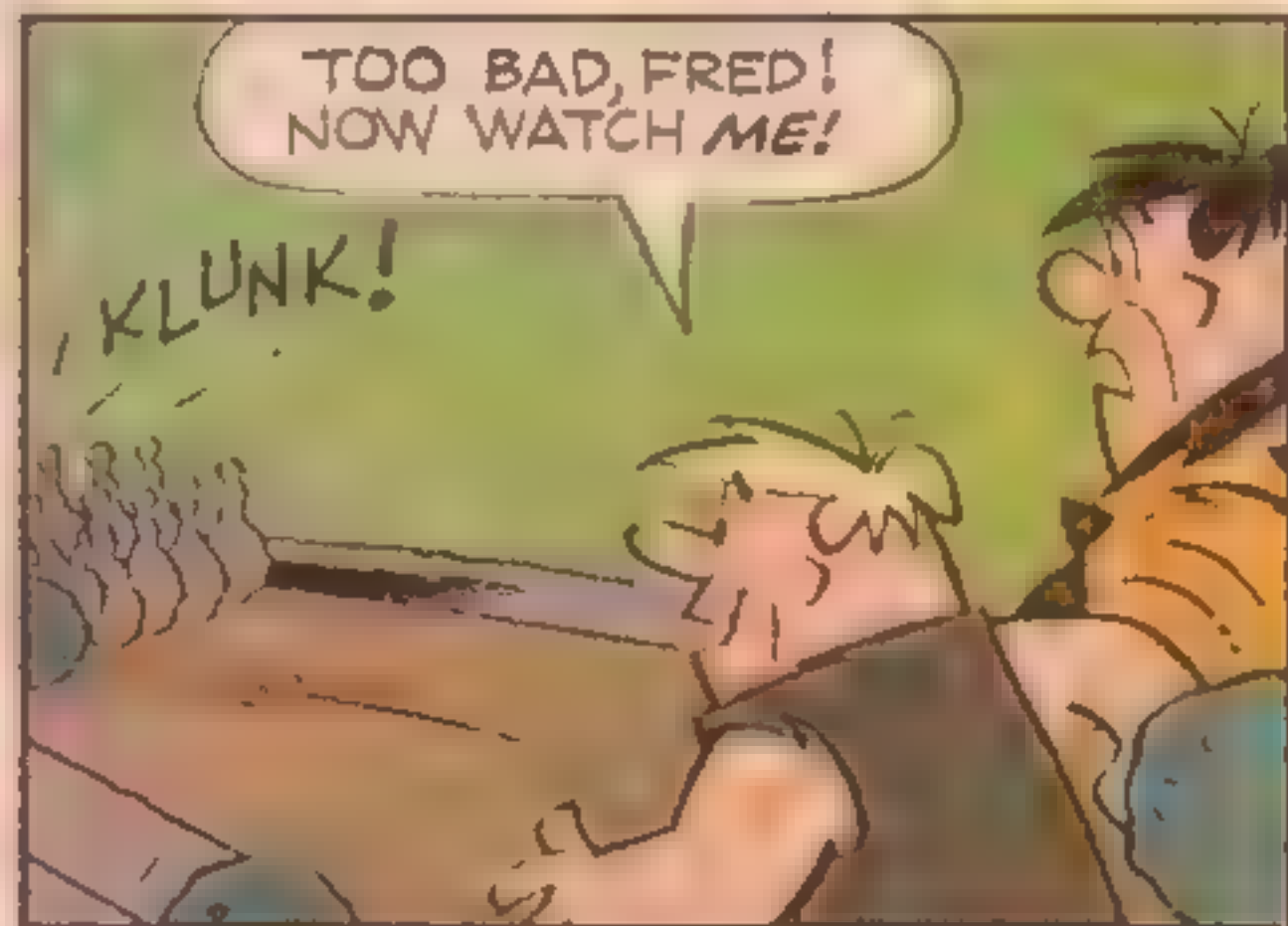
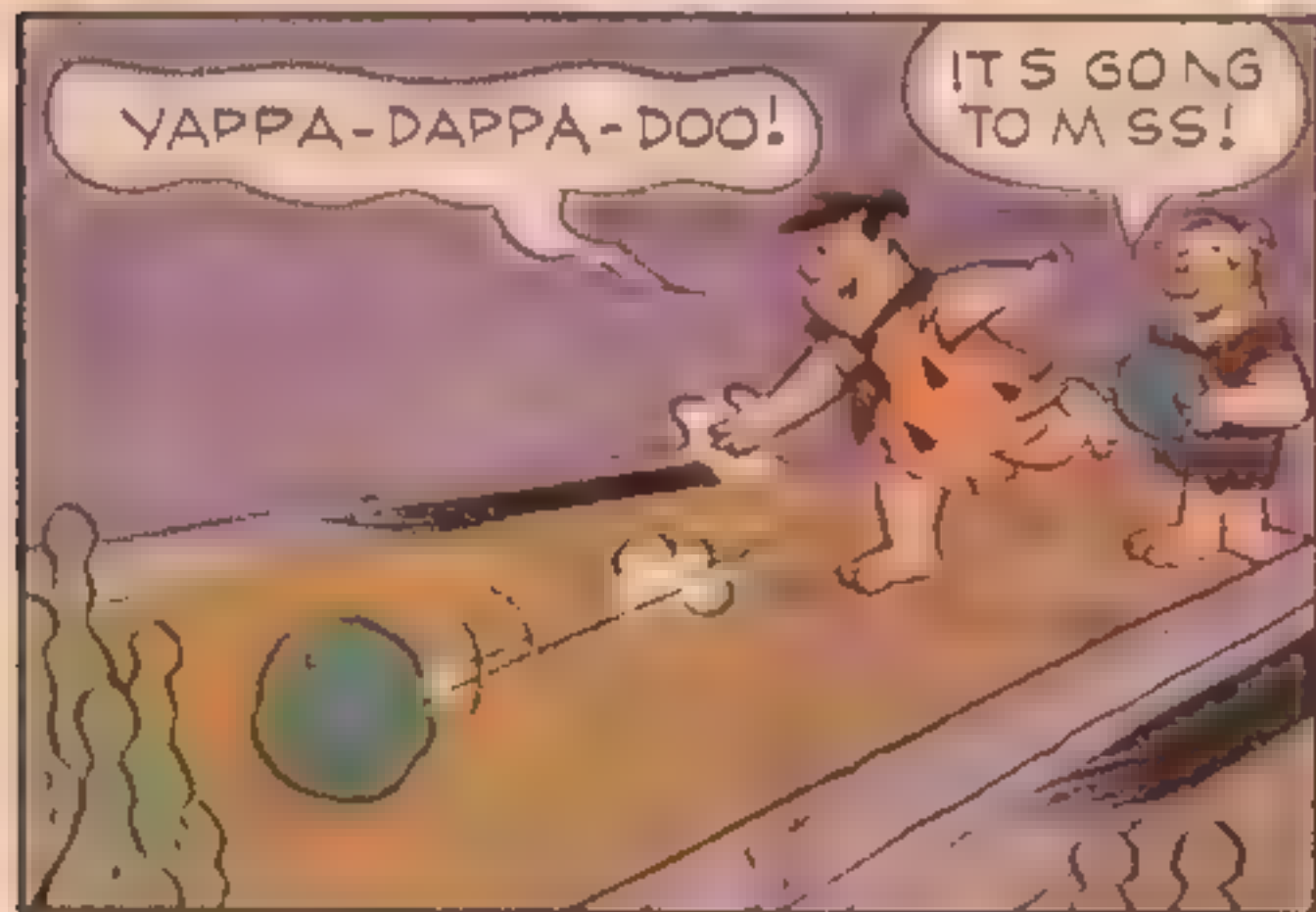
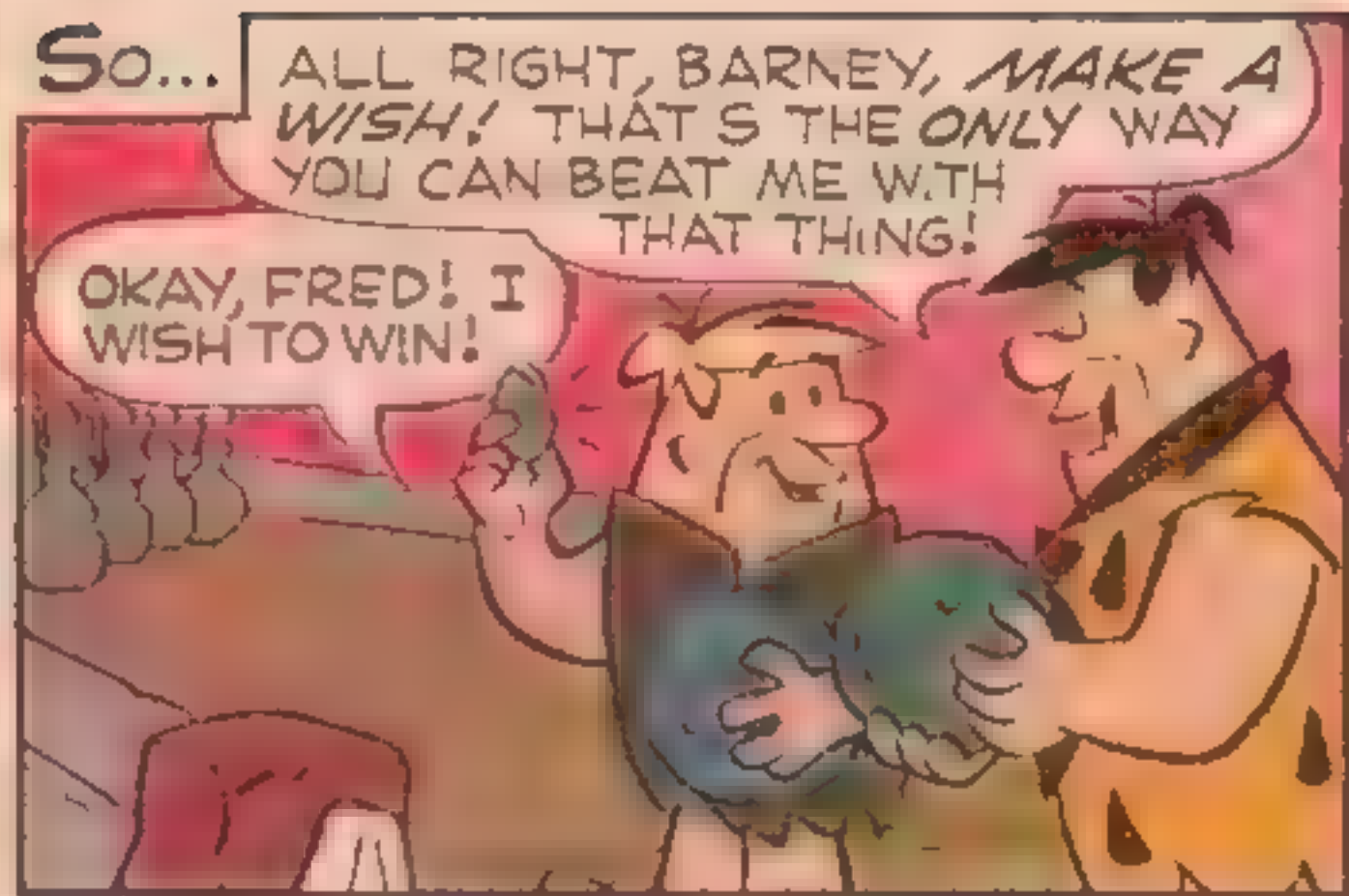
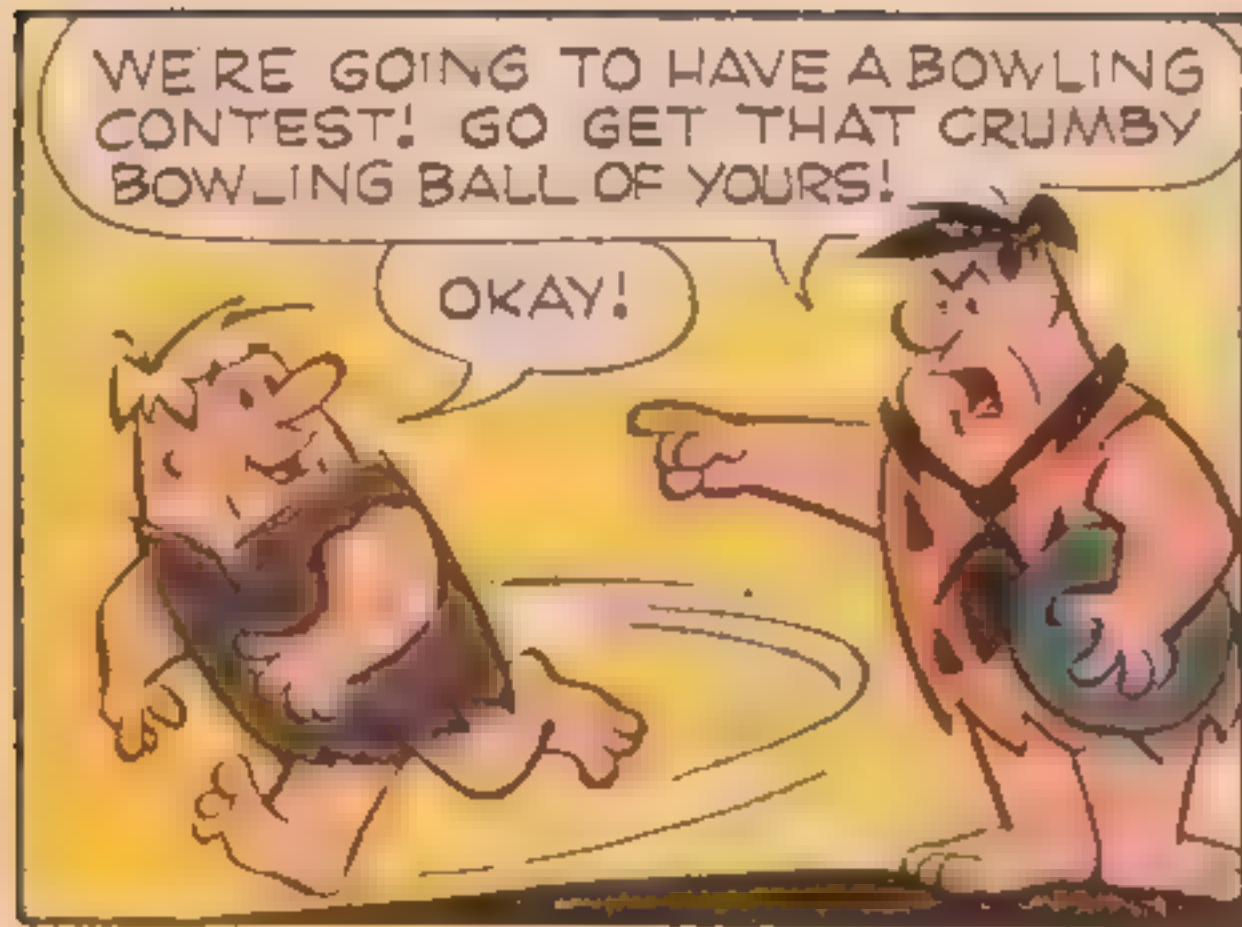
I'M SORRY, WILMA... IT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT!

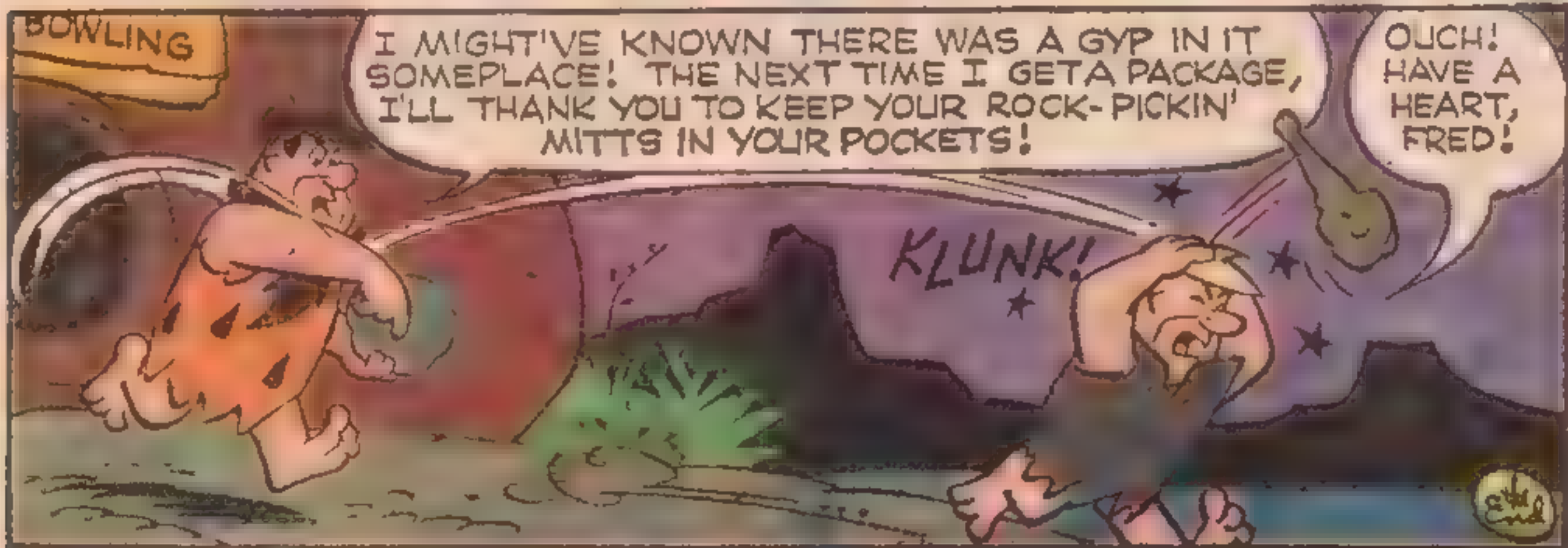
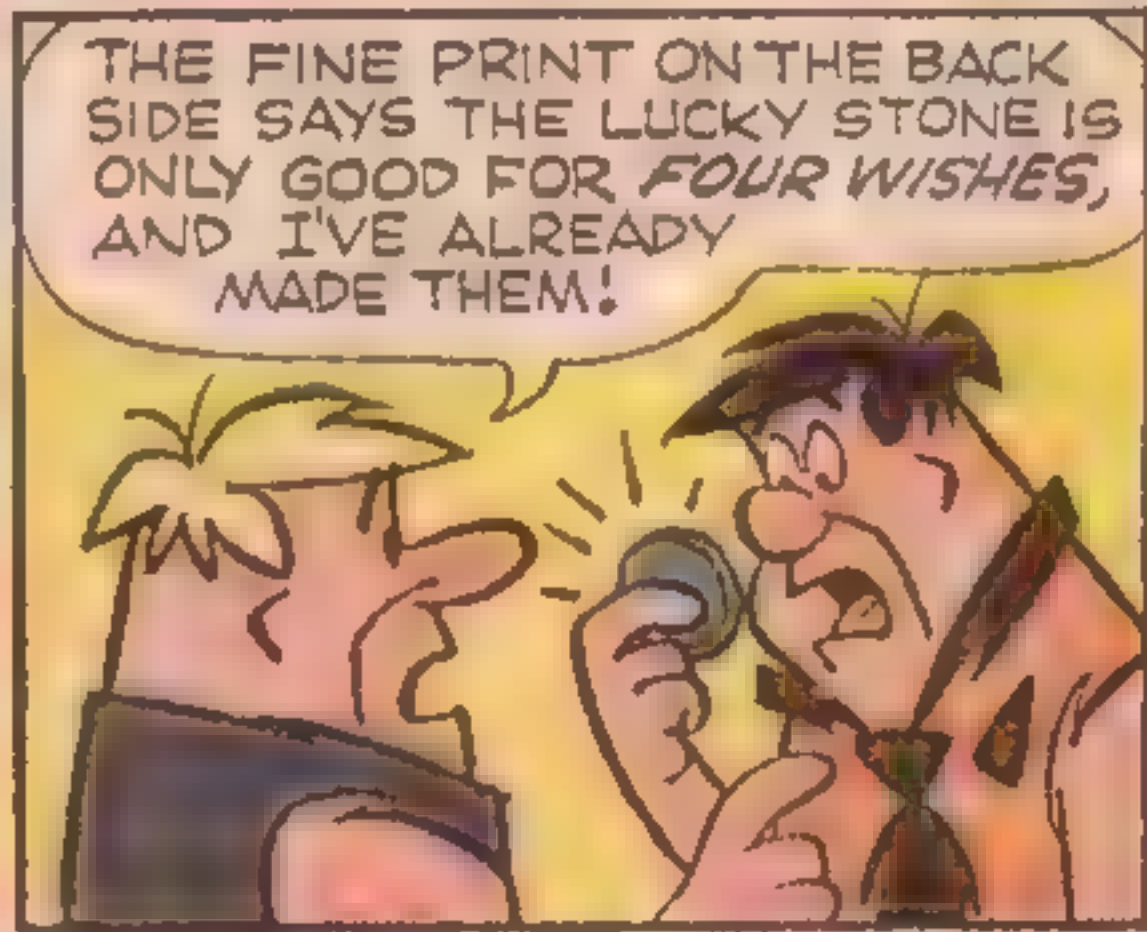
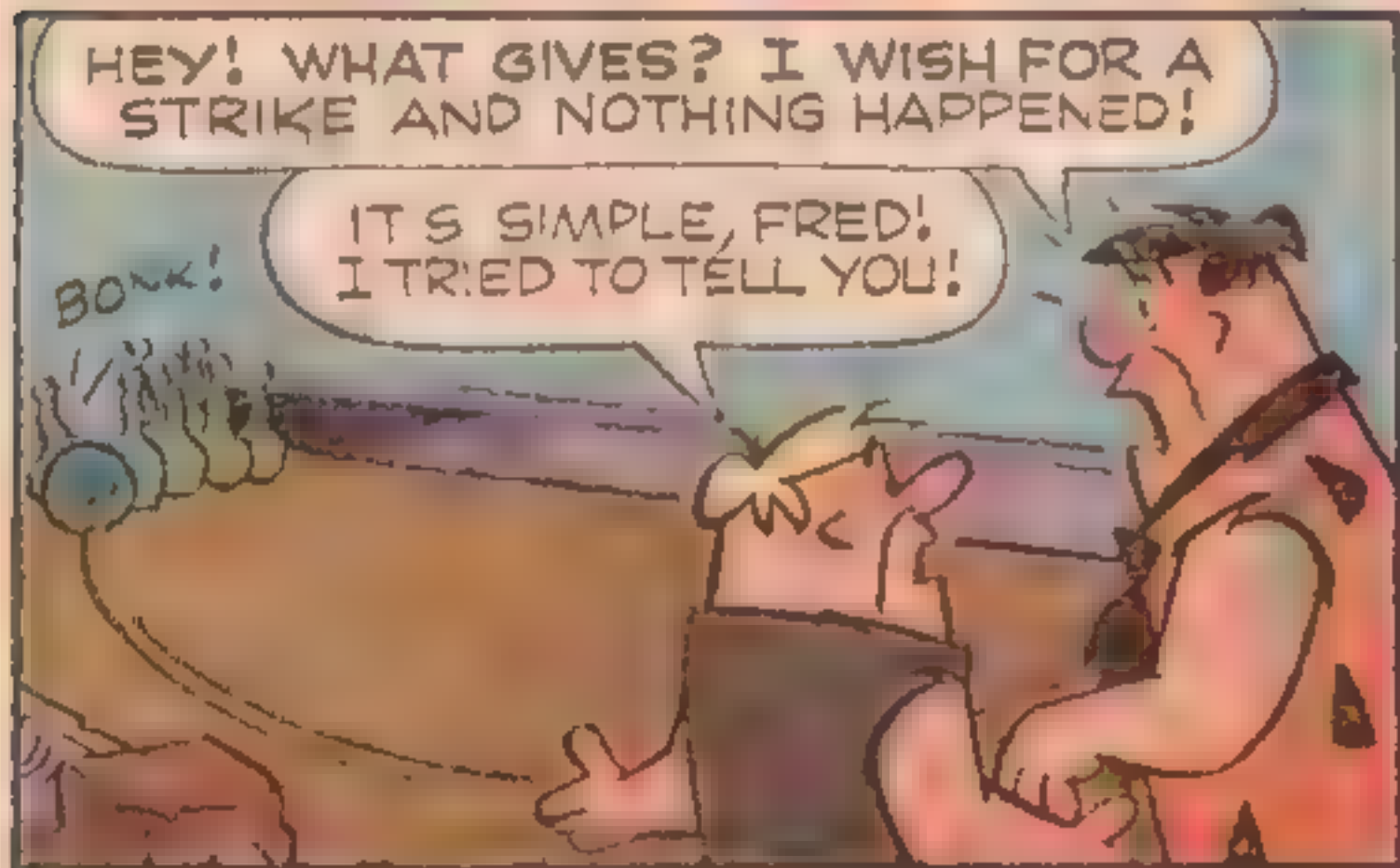
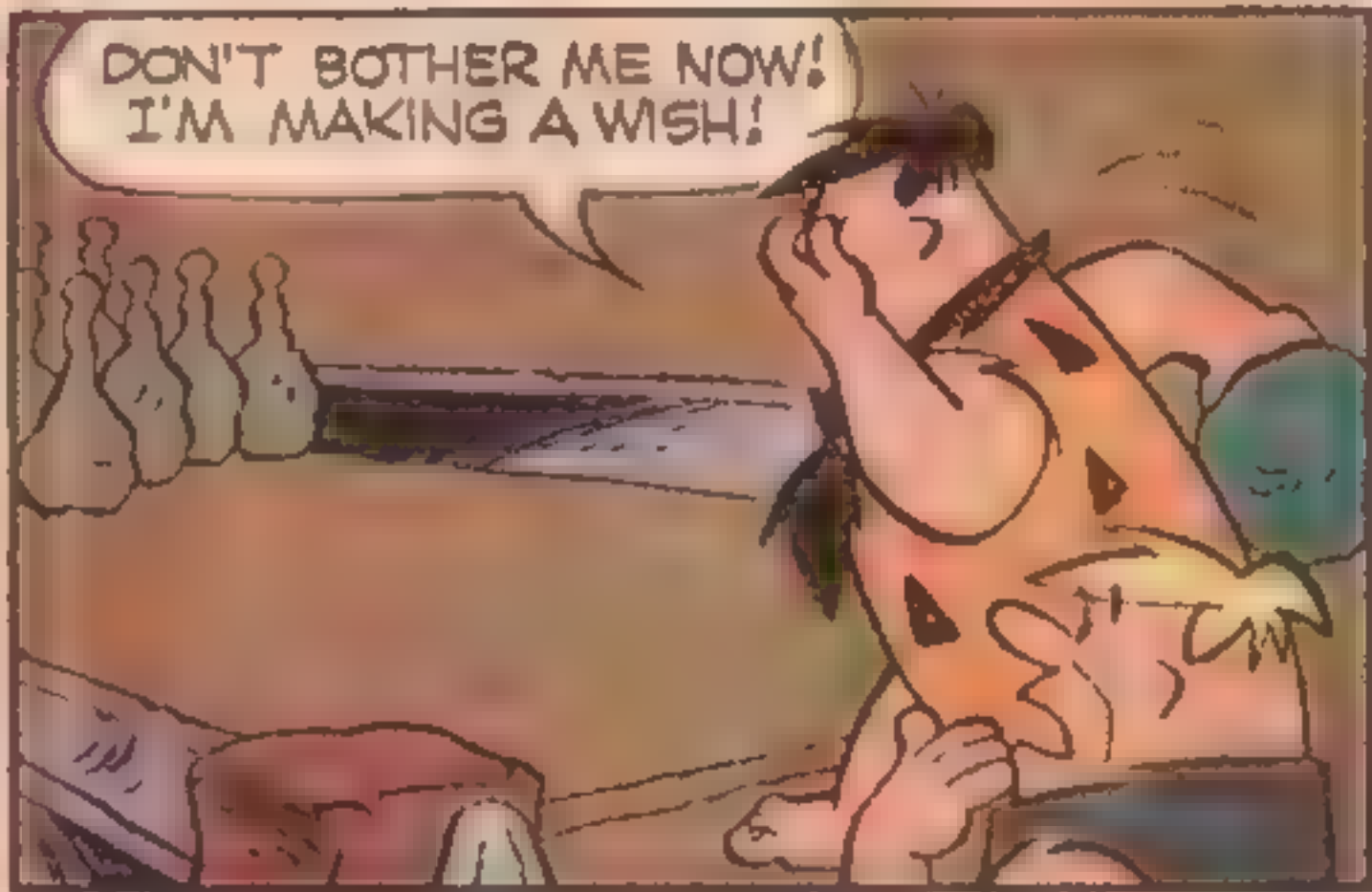
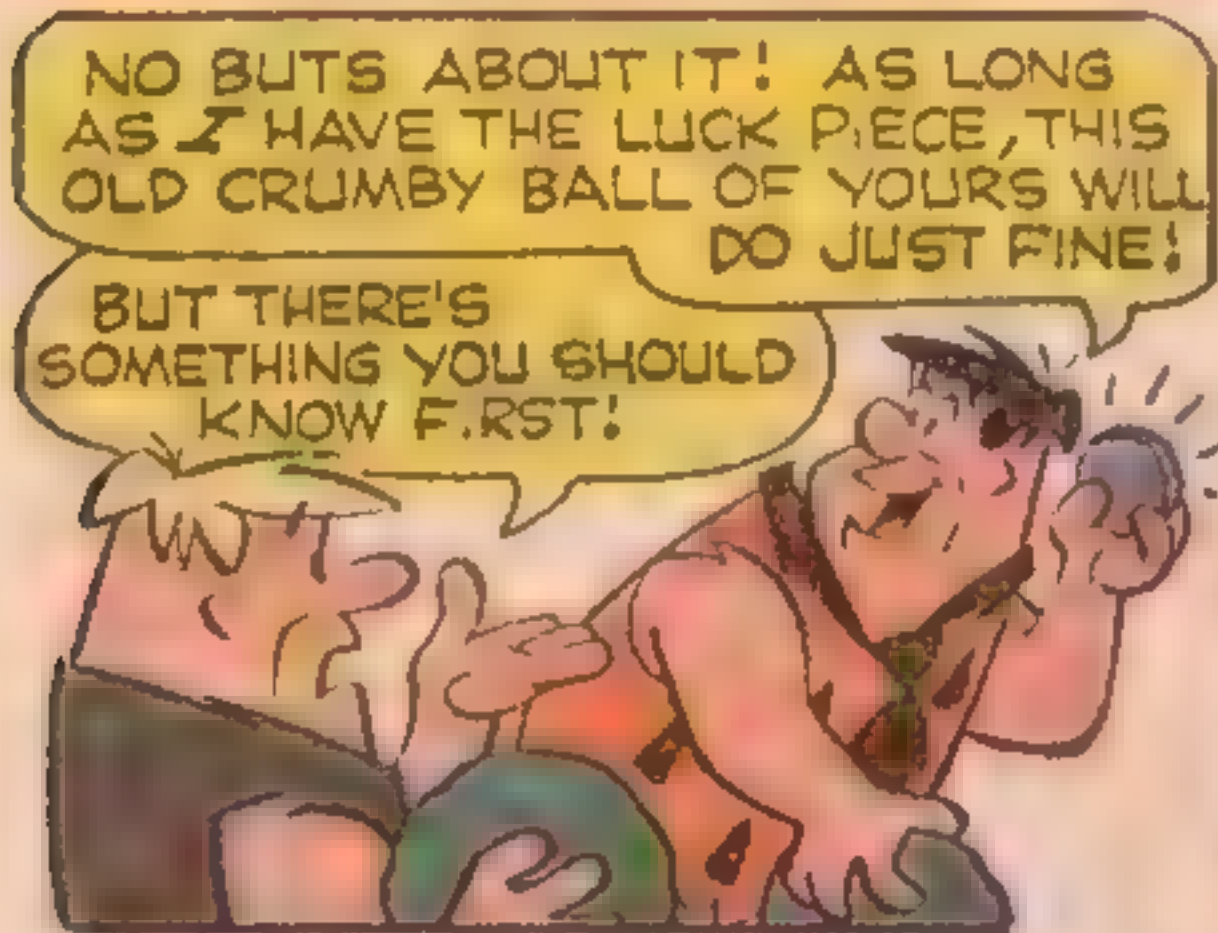
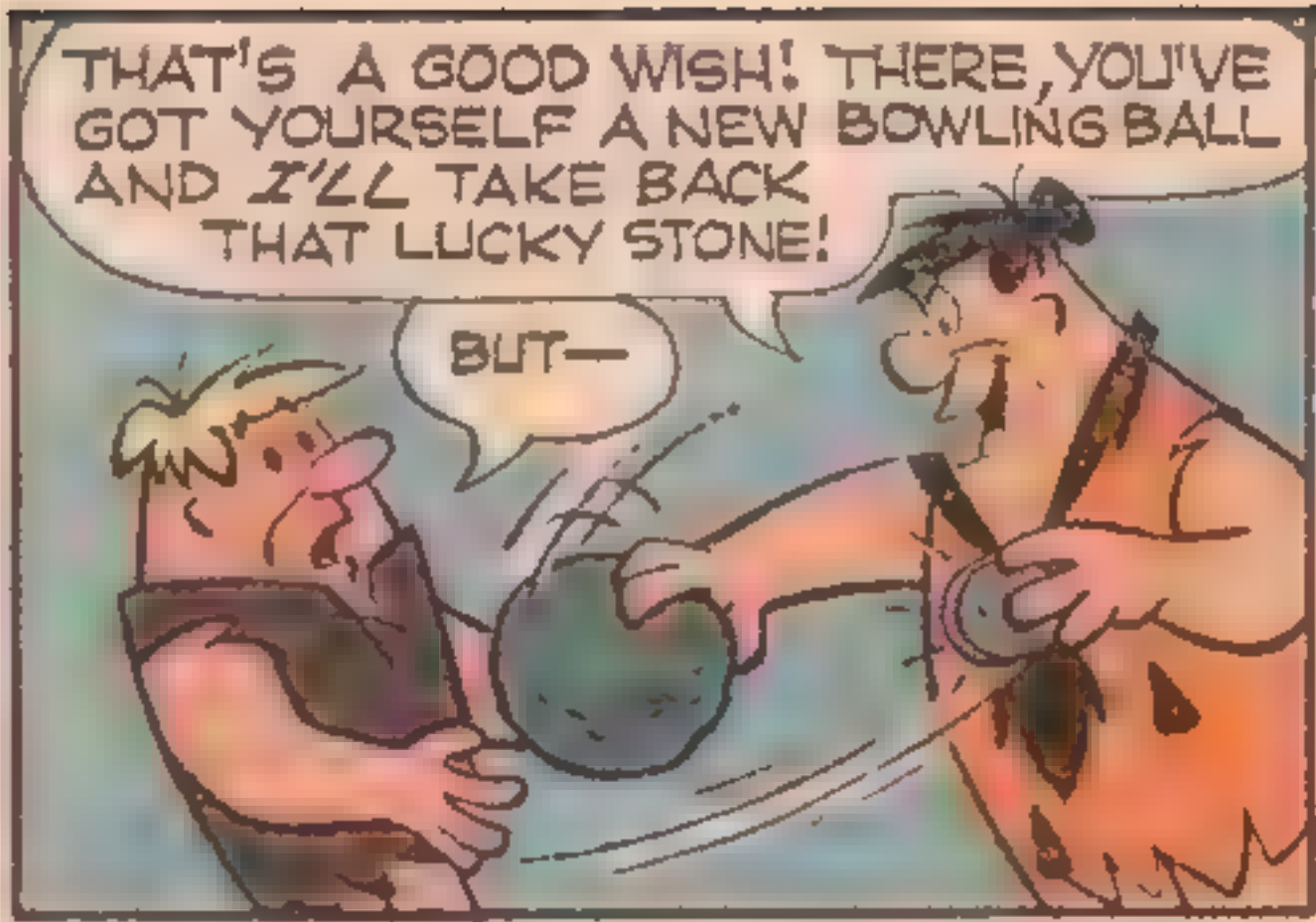
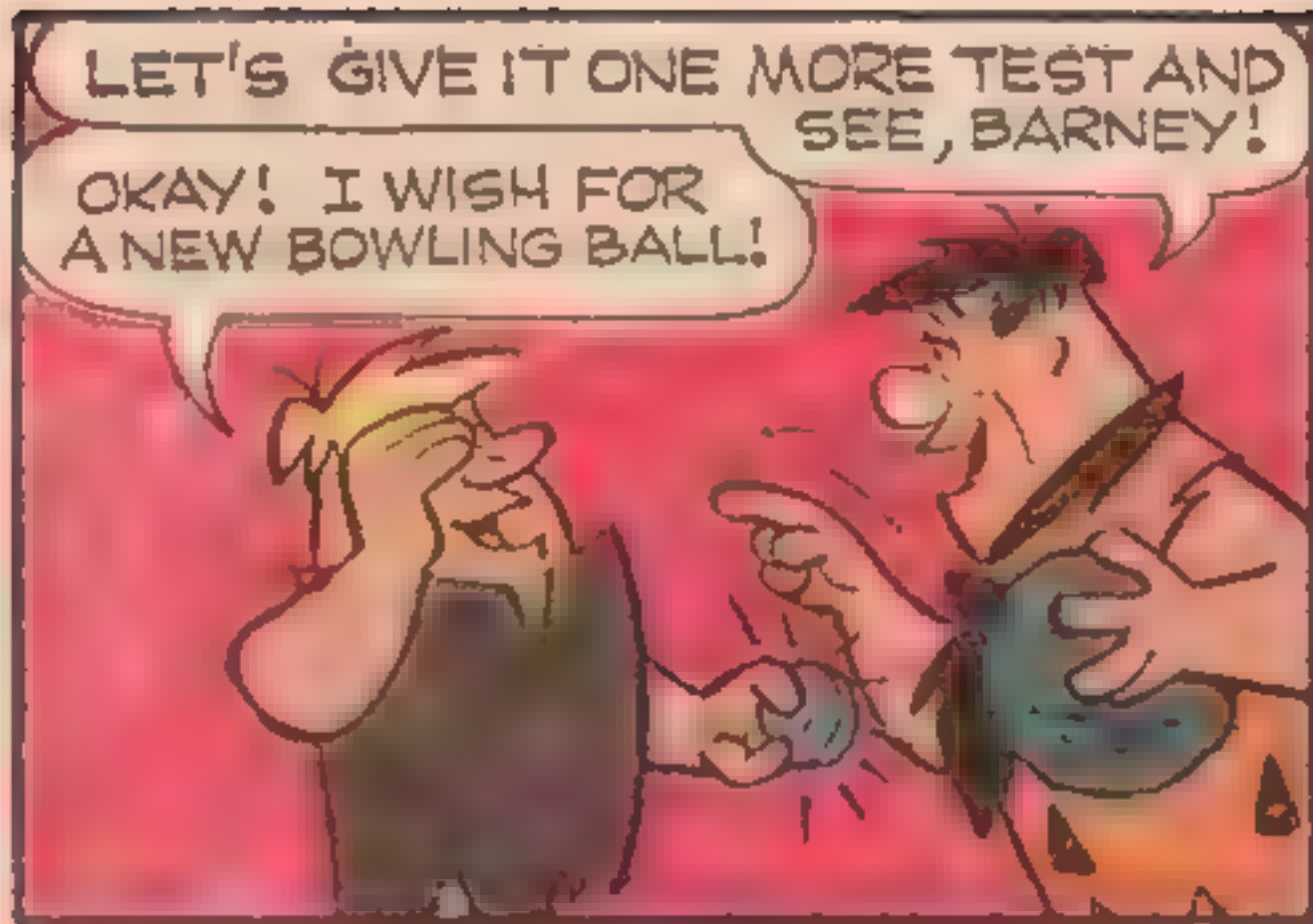
TAKE IT AND GET OUT OF HERE! AND DON'T GRUMBLE WHEN YOU GET THE REPAIR BILL!

OKAY, OKAY! BUT TAKE IT EASY! THAT'S A NEW BOWLING BALL!











Reader's Page ANIMALS

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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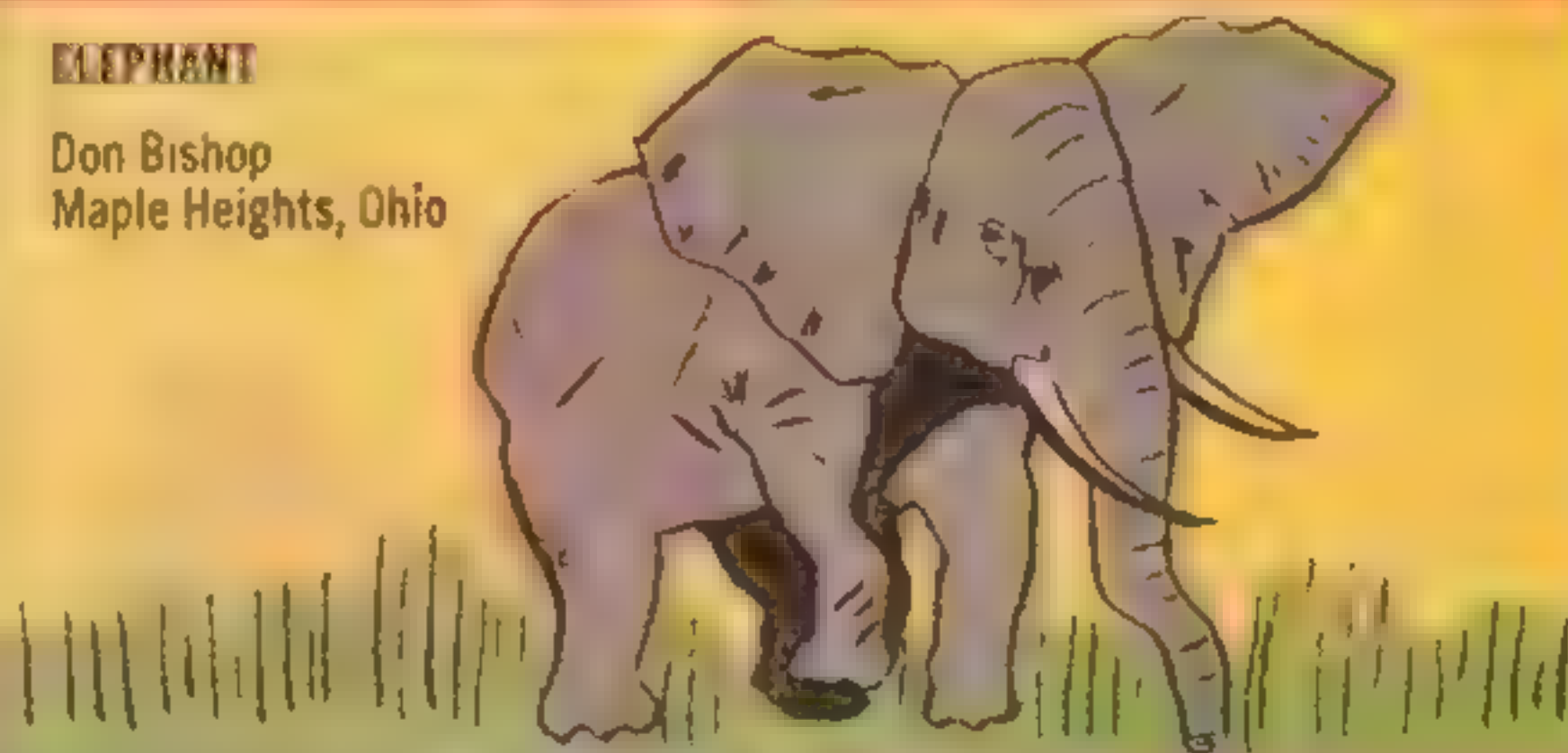


TWIN BEAUTIES

Ma c a White
Scottsbluff, Nebraska

ELEPHANT

Don Bishop
Maple Heights, Ohio



GIANT ANTEATER

Elizabeth Monté
St. Martinville Louisiana

DOLPHIN

Mark Simmet
New Ulm, Minnesota



AN AFRICAN BIRD

Cheryl Phillips
Jacksonville, Florida

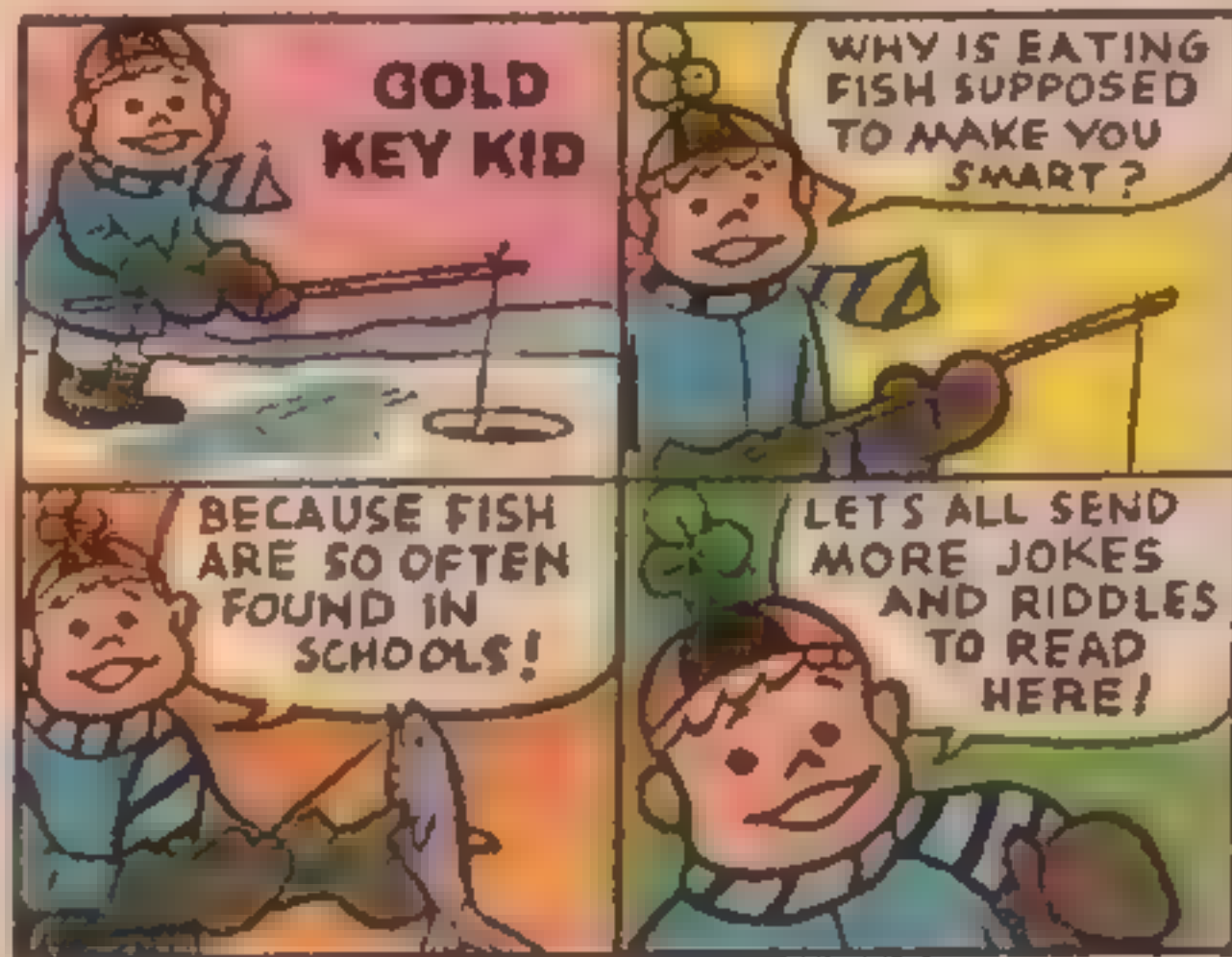
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JOKES ON YOU



Riddle: Why are horses hard to get along with?
Answer: They always say "neigh."

Sherry Gail Griffith—Worthington, Ohio

Riddle: How many balls of string would it take to reach the moon?

Answer: Just one, but it would have to be a big one.

Steven Sellon—La Verne, California

Riddle: What did the elephant say to the ant?

Answer: I have a terrible crush on you.

Cindy Hamilton—Hayward, California

Waiter: Would you like your coffee black?

Customer: What other colors do you have?

Janet LaBonte—Concordia, Kansas

Riddle: What do ghosts eat for supper?

Answer: Fright chicken.

Cathy Cook—Atlanta, Georgia

Mom: Did you fall down with your new pants on?

Tom: Yes, there wasn't time to take them off.

Angela Muncillo—Omaha, Nebraska

Father: Congratulations. You usually talk on the phone for two hours, but only 45 minutes this time. Why?

Daughter: Well, this time it was a wrong number.

Tina Ruppert—Gaithersburg, Maryland

Riddle: Why did the farmer name his hog Ink?

Answer: Because he kept running out of the pen.

Diane Uchir—Fords, New Jersey

Riddle: Why is a cat longer at night than in the morning?

Answer: Because he's let out at night and taken in in the morning.

David Newton—Fresno, California

Mother: Would you like some more alphabet soup?

Daughter: No thanks, Ma. I couldn't eat another syllable.

Stephen MacDougall—Sydney, Nova Scotia, Canada

Pat: What are you taking for your cold?

Fred: I don't know. How much will you give me?

Brenda VanTasell—DeSoto, Kansas

Riddle: What kind of fish do dogs like to chase?

Answer: Catfish.

Donna Kresky—Owego, New York

Riddle: What did Tennessee?

Answer: The same thing Arkansas.

Susan Fleming—Spartanburg, South Carolina

Teacher: Sam, what is your favorite state?

Sam: Mississippi.

Teacher: How do you spell it?

Sam: Er . . . I like Ohio much better.

Larry Mar—Cumberland, British Columbia, Canada

Riddle: What are the biggest ants in the world?

Answer: Gi-ants.

Belinda Villanueva—Coleman, Texas

Jack: Which game do you think is the best?

Tom: The one I win.

Danny Saepo—Indianapolis, Indiana

Hope: Ouch! That hot water burned my hand.

Mope: You should have felt it before you put your hand in it.

Annette Moisan—Newburyport, Massachusetts

Lor: I wish I was born 400 years ago.

Joanne: Why?

Lor: Because I wouldn't have had to learn so much history.

Roberta Shelofsky—Orangeburg, New York

Farmer Boy: My father can't decide whether to buy a cow or a tractor.

City Boy: He'd look funny riding a cow.

Farmer Boy: Well, he'd look even funnier milking a tractor.

Greg Poliestad—Munich, North Dakota

Riddle: Why do dragons sleep in the daytime?

Answer: So they can hunt knights.

Sharon Anne Clark—Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada

Farmer: Would you like to take this chicken home to eat?

Marvin: Yes, I would — but what does it eat?

Patricia Guelker—St. Louis, Missouri

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Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

IZZY'S WHIZZY WEAPON

HEY, KIDS... IZZY EINSTONE, THE JUVENILE SCIENTIST, IS SURROUNDED BY DANGEROUS SAURUSES!

TO HIS RESCUE!

SNORT!

!?!?

GRK!

WHEEZ!

STOP IN YOUR NEBBY TRACKS, YOU BUSYBODIES!

HUH?

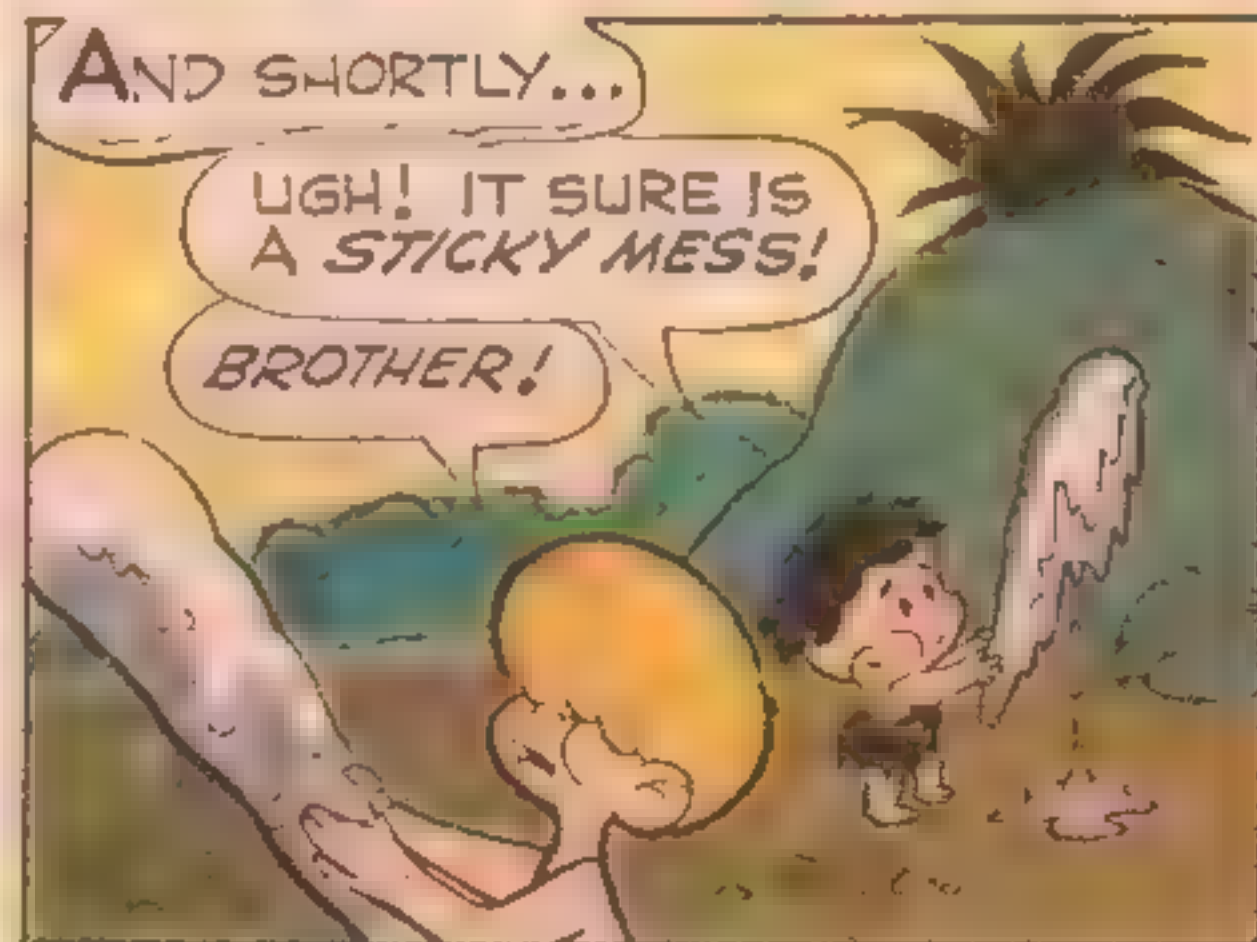
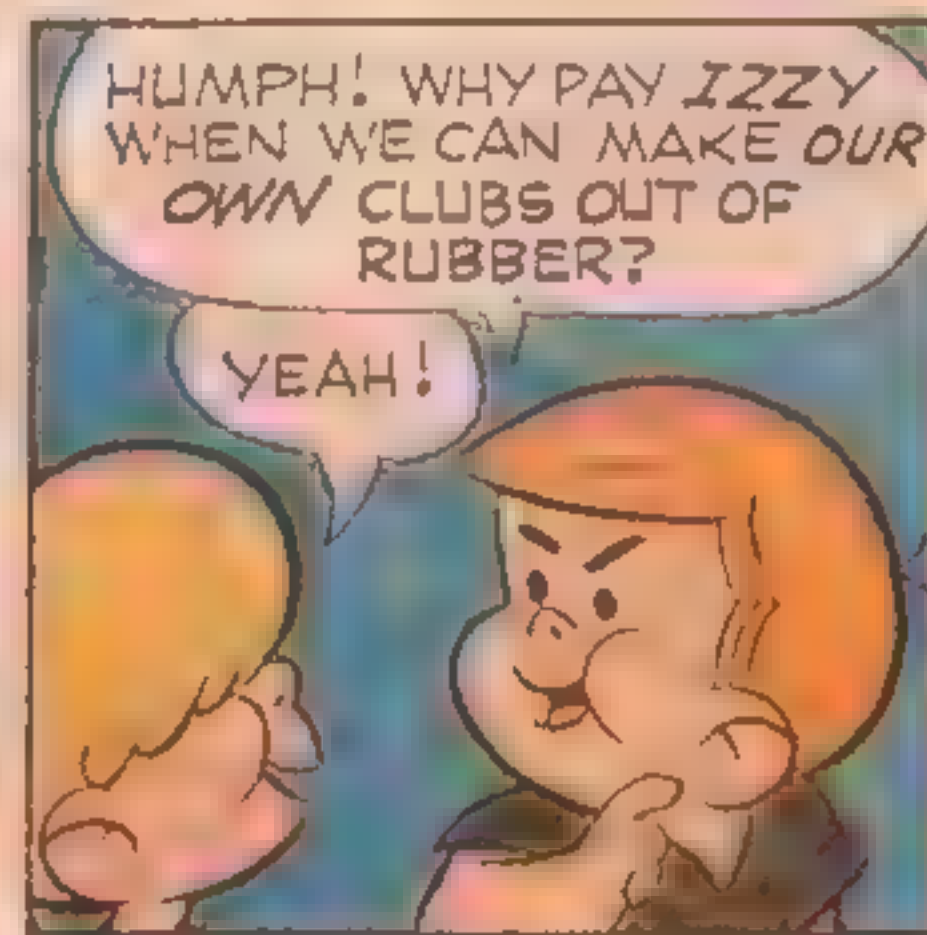
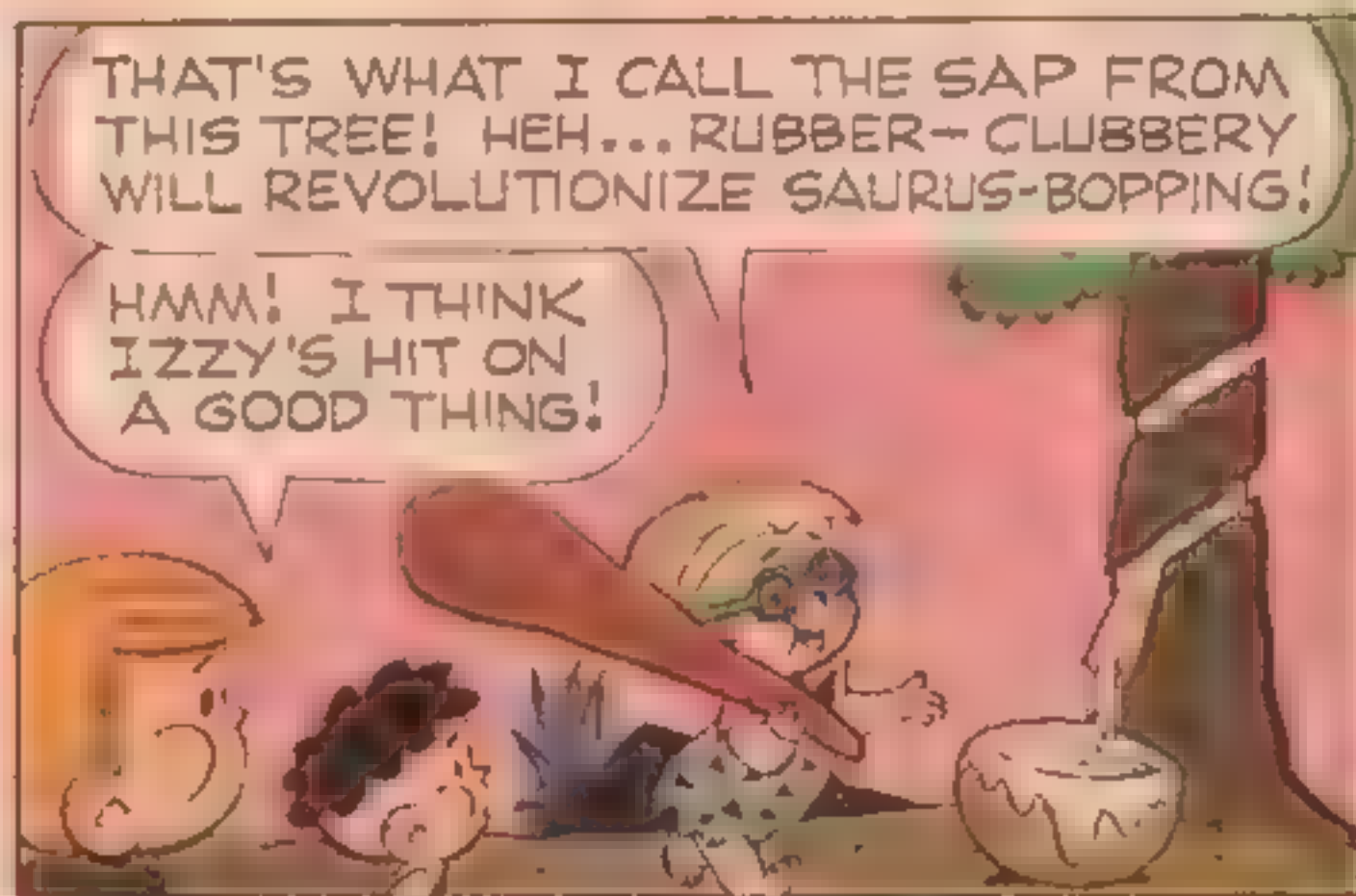
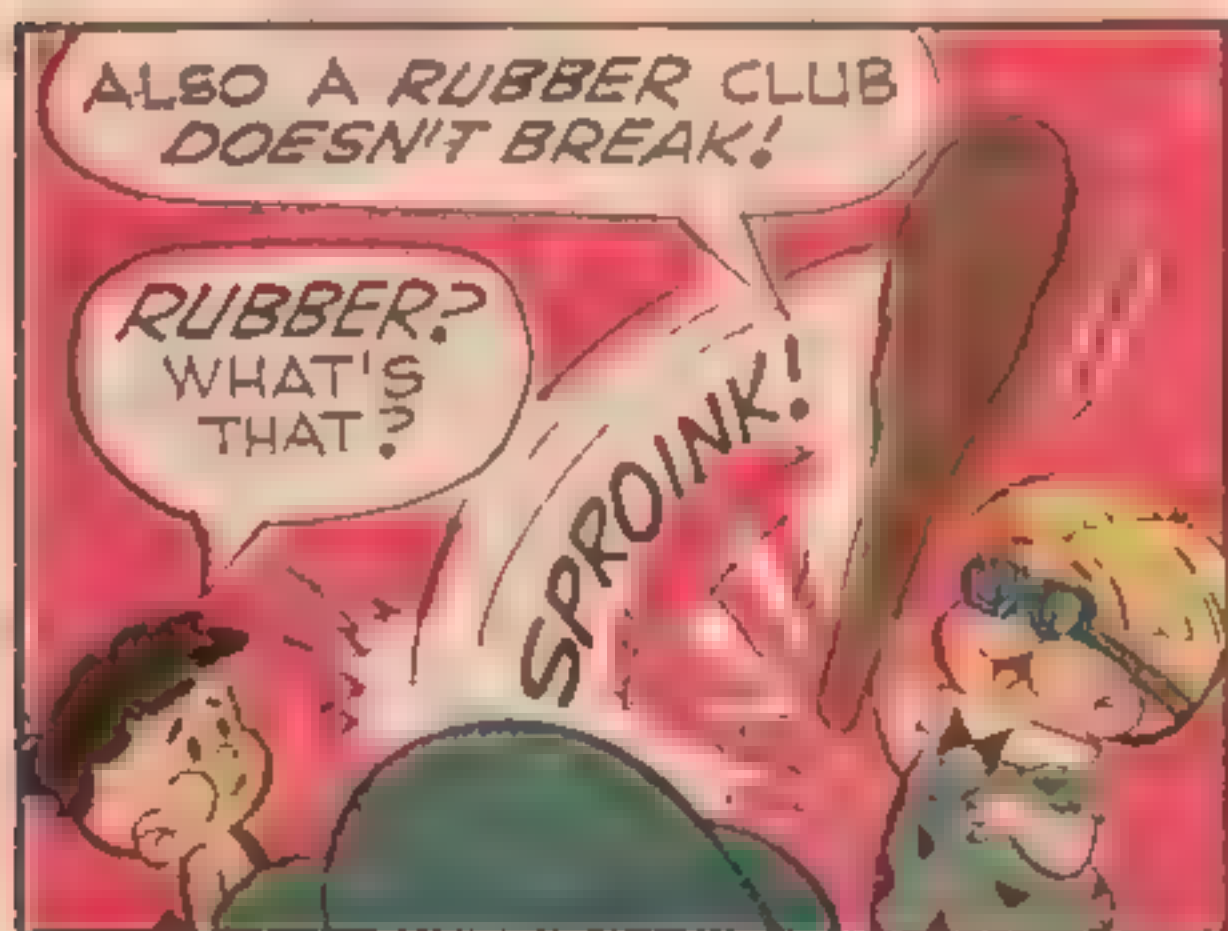
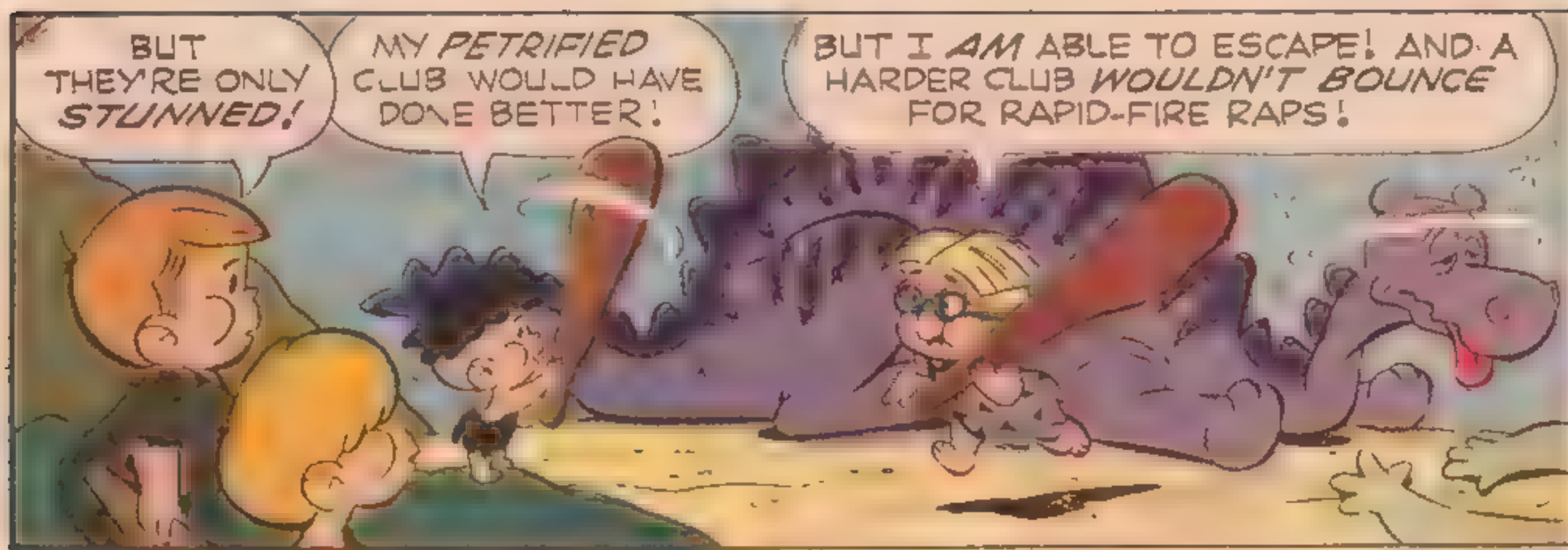
I PREFER TO CONDUCT THIS EXPERIMENT WITHOUT OUTSIDE HELP!

WOW! LOOK AT HIS CLUB BOUNCE EFFORTLESSLY FROM SKULL TO SKULL, ALMOST QUICKER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW!

HMM! EXCELLENT PERFORMANCE, EH?

★ BOP! BOP! ★

BOP!



WELL, STICKY OR NOT, HERE COMES
A RAGING SNAGGY-SAURLS FOR US
TO PRACTICE ON!

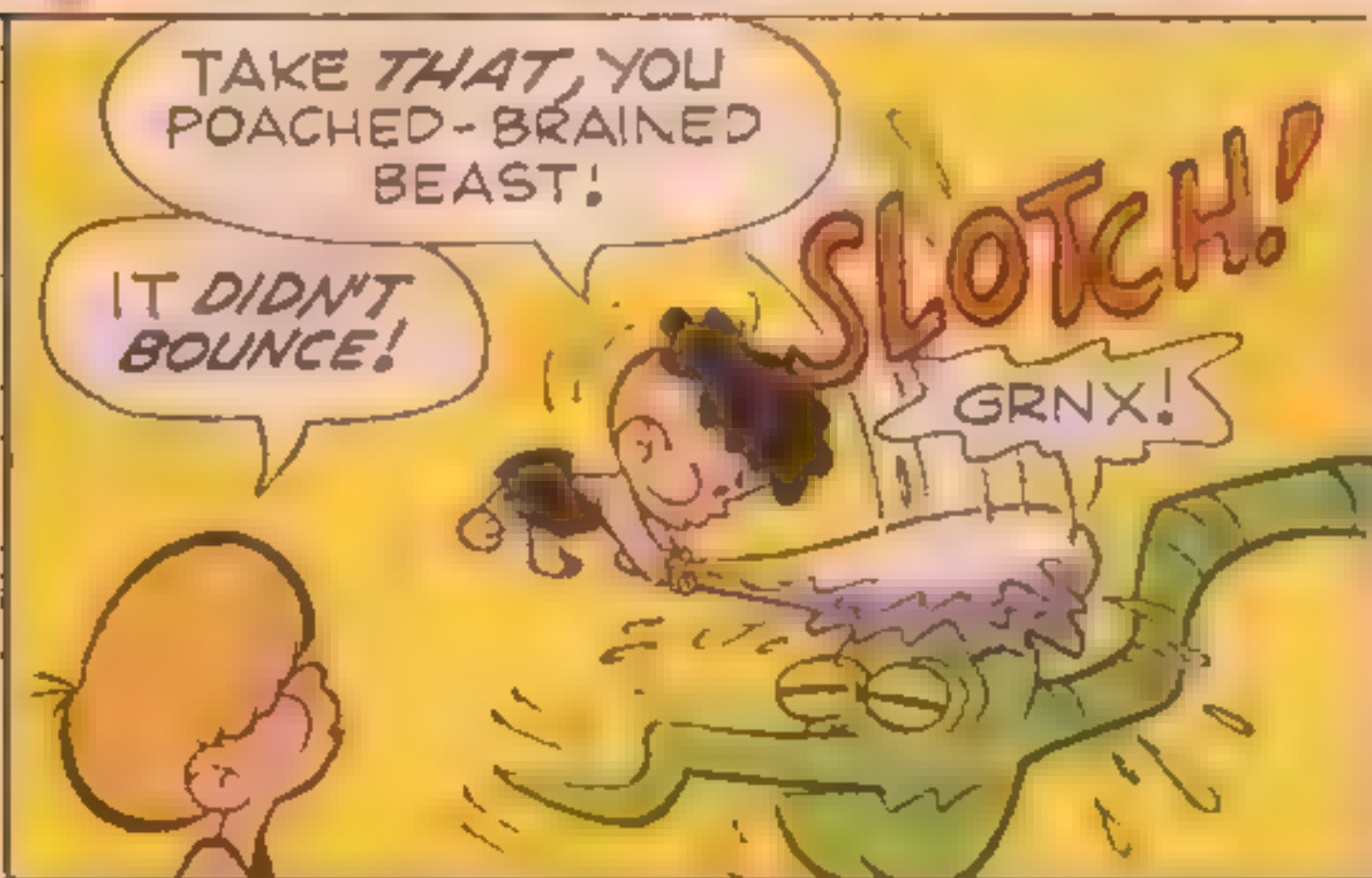
SNORT-GRR-HUFF!



TAKE *THAT*, YOU
POACHED-BRAINED
BEAST!

IT DIDN'T
BOUNCE!

SLOUCH!
GRNX!



IT
STUCK!

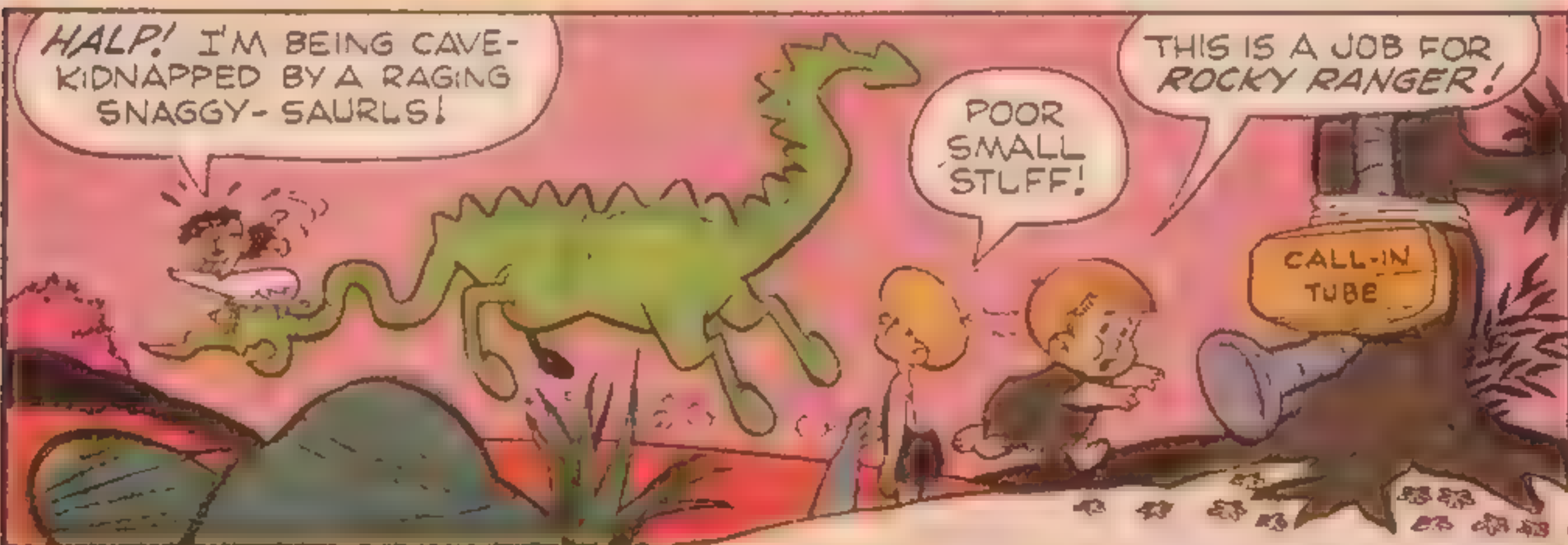
LEGGGO OF
MY CLUB!



HALP! I'M BEING CAVE-
KIDNAPPED BY A RAGING
SNAGGY-SAURLS!

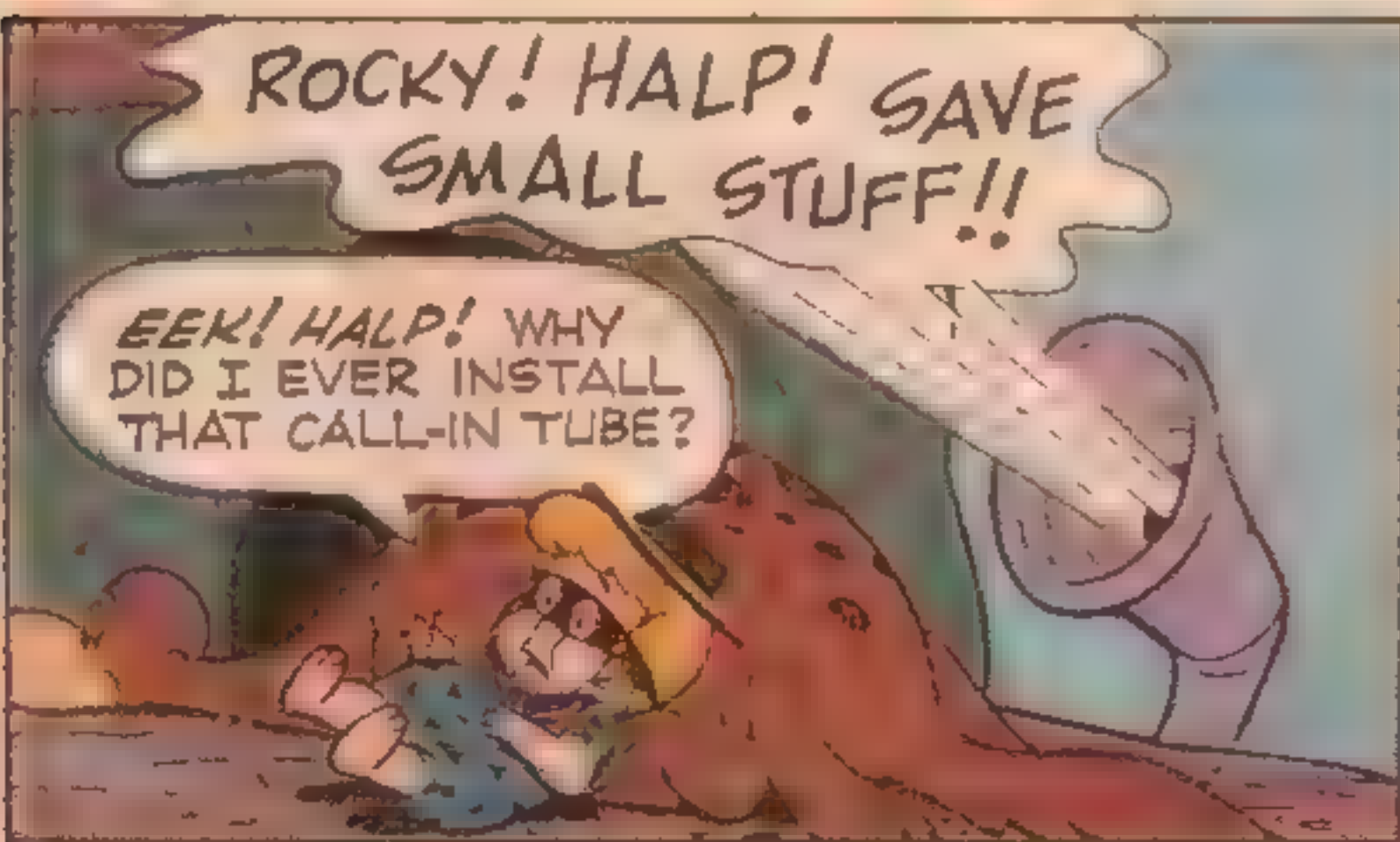
POOR
SMALL
STUFF!

THIS IS A JOB FOR
ROCKY RANGER!



ROCKY! HALP! SAVE
SMALL STUFF!!

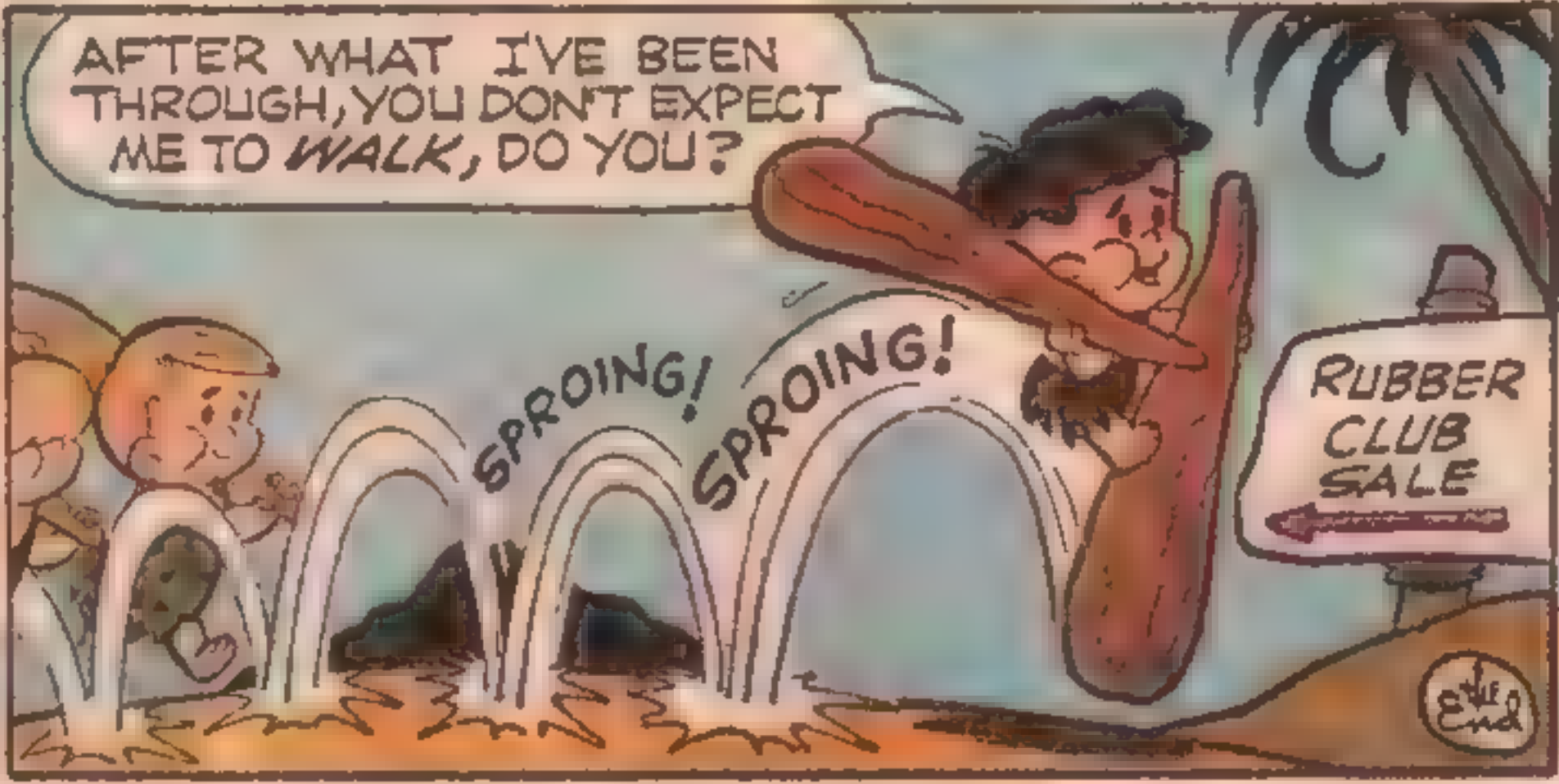
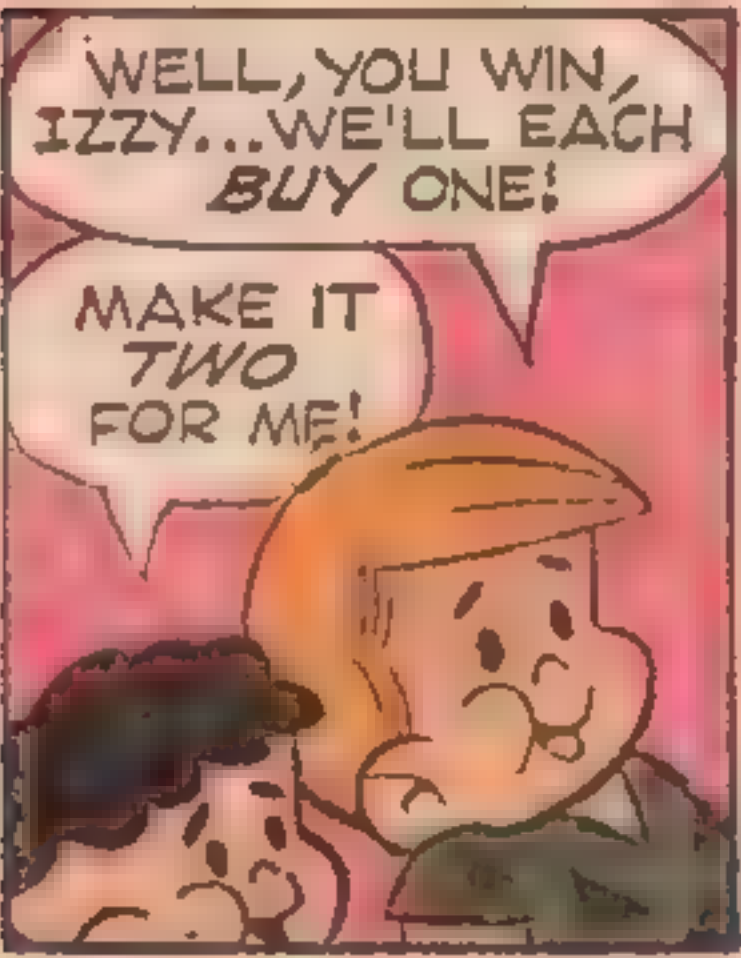
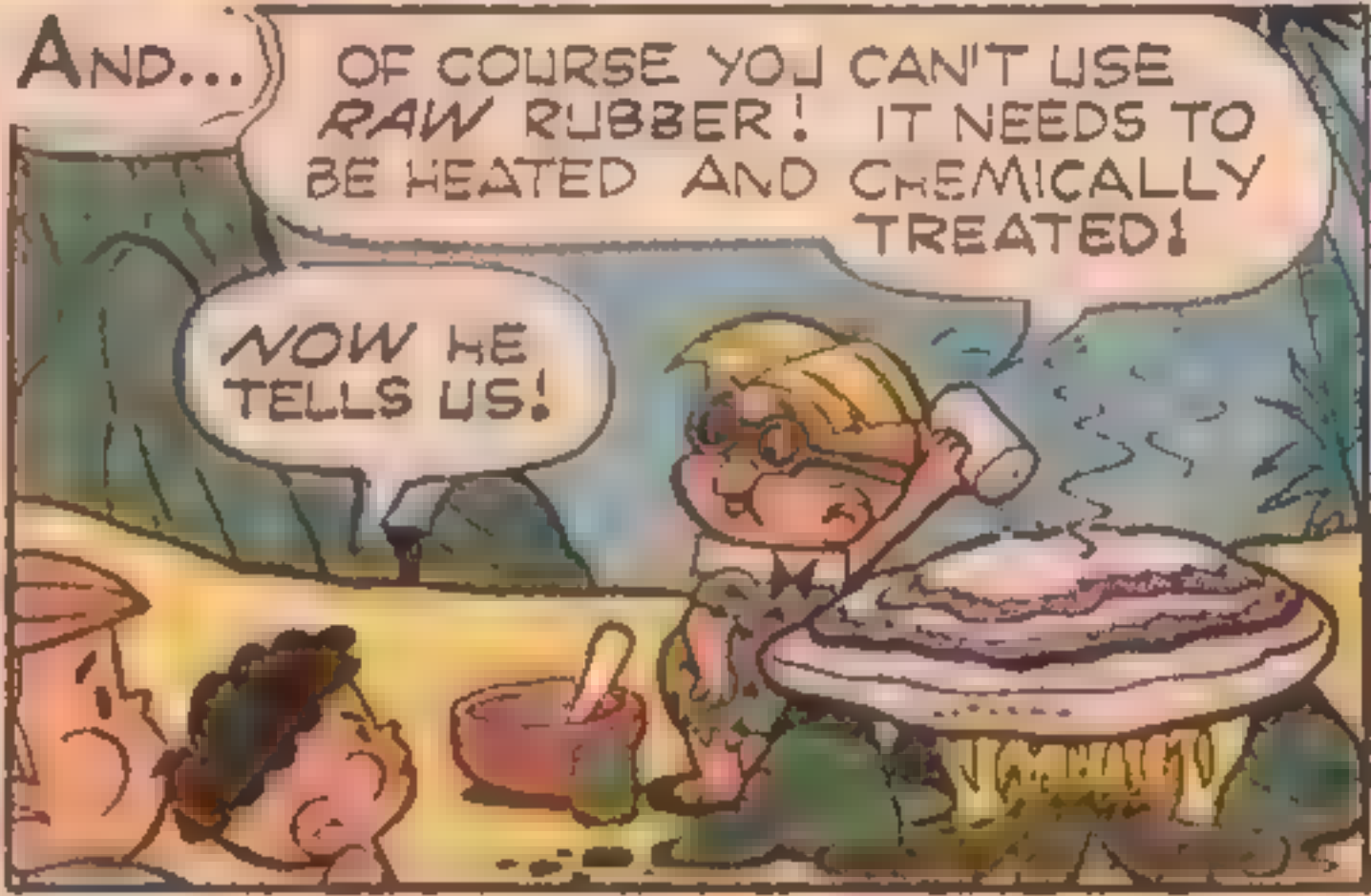
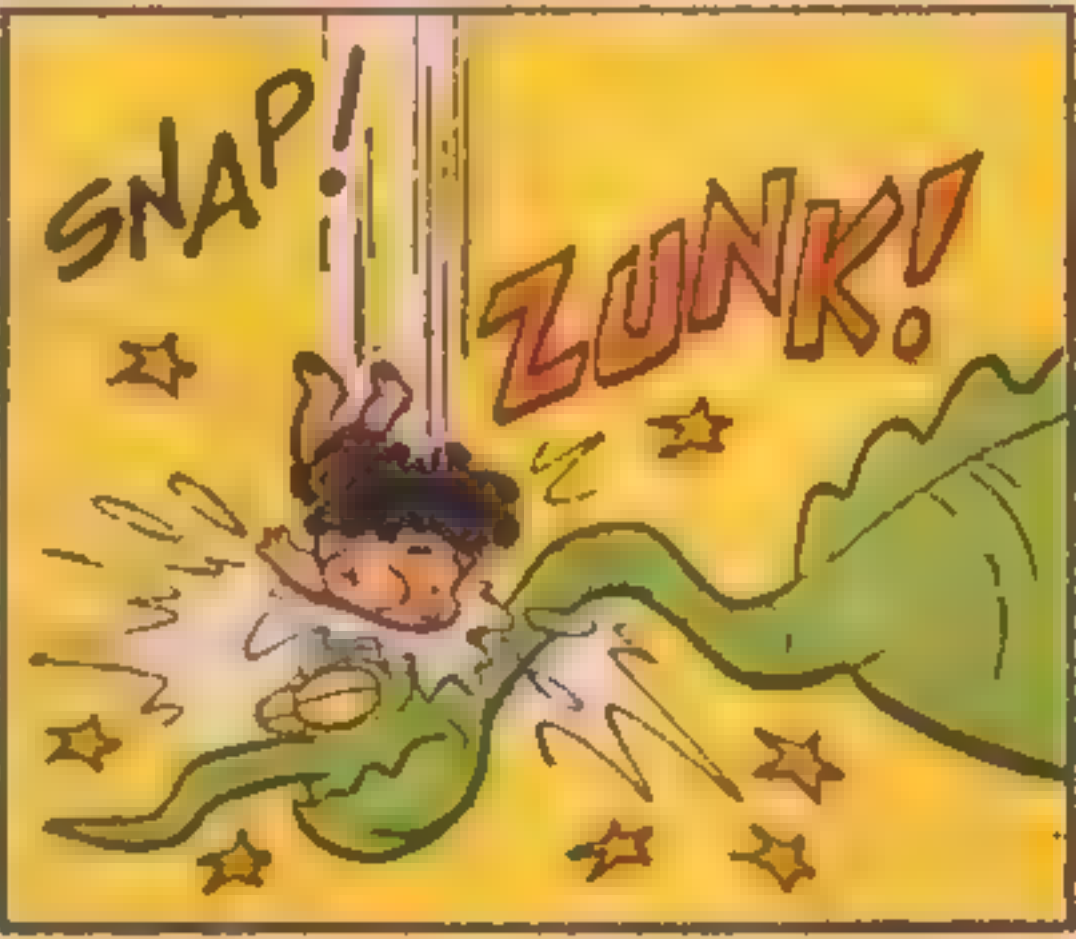
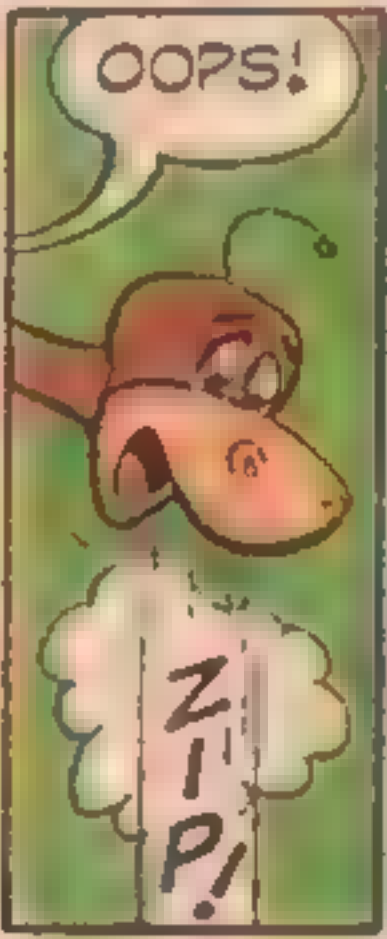
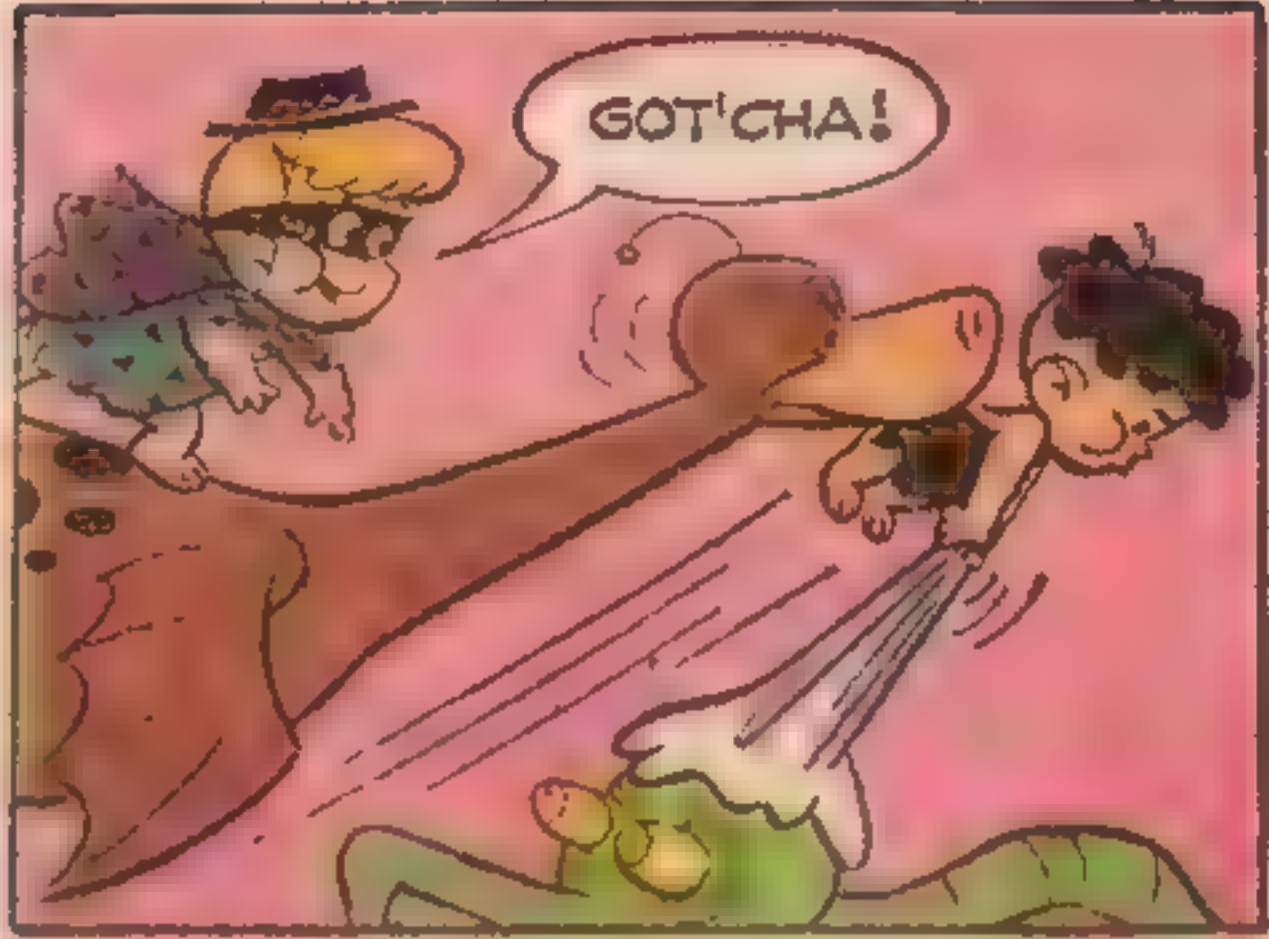
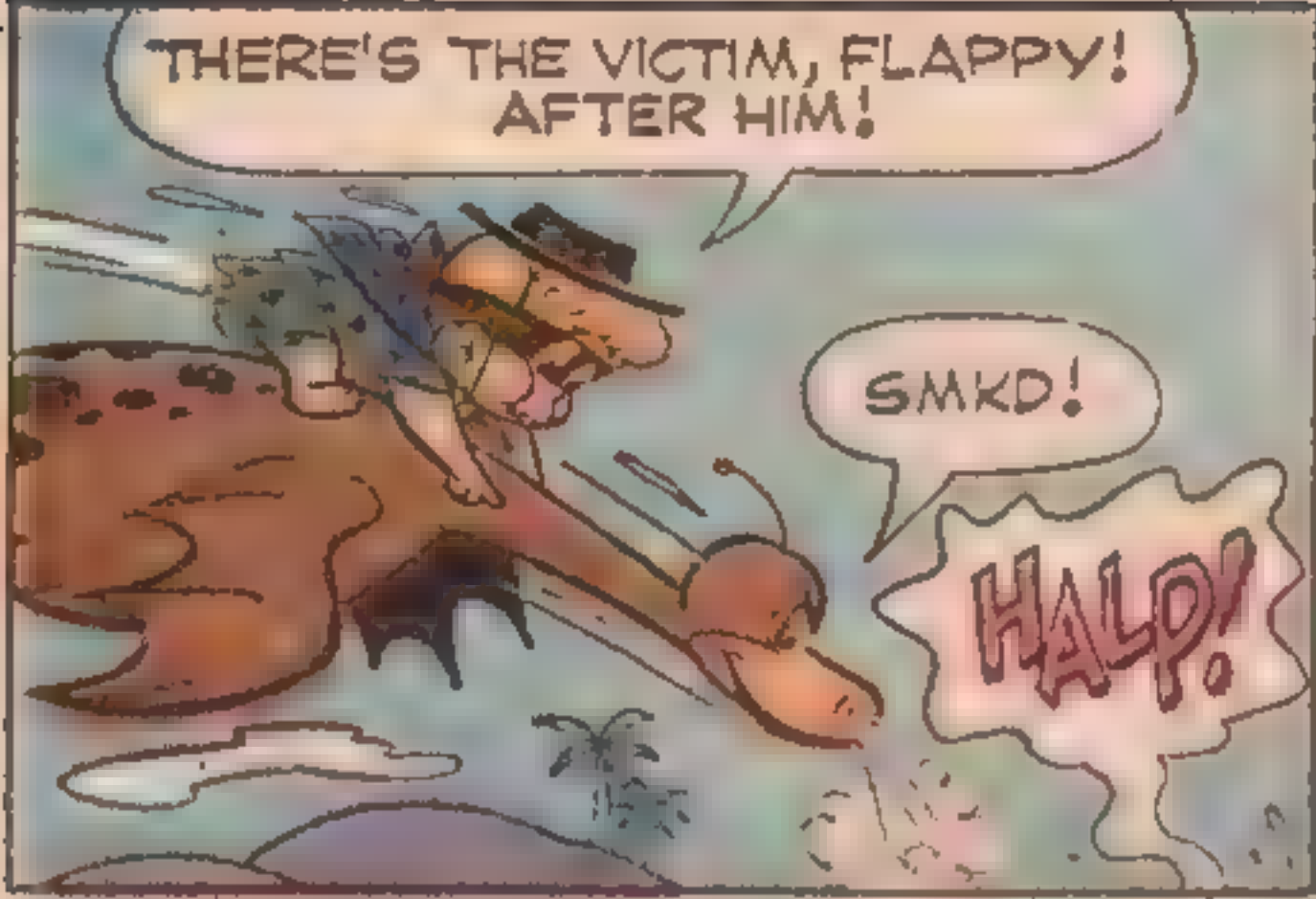
EEK! HALP! WHY
DID I EVER INSTALL
THAT CALL-IN TUBE?



TO THE RESCUE, FLAPPY,
FAITHFULL, SWOOPING
STEED!

SNX!







Perry Gunnite was sitting quietly at his desk when a man dressed in flowing robes and a turban dashed into his office.

"Mr. Gunnite! You must help me! My most valuable possession has been stolen!" cried the strangely dressed man.

"Say, I know you," Perry said. "You're Swami Salami, the famous mind reader and medium. If something's been stolen, why don't you just look in your crystal ball to find it? Heh, heh, heh..."

The Swami gave Perry two conks on the head for being a wise guy and then politely informed him that what had just been stolen was his crystal ball.

"Who do you think would want to steal a crystal ball?" asked Perry.

"Look, I came here for answers, not questions. Questions I get all day long at my fortune-telling booth," yelled Swami Salami. But then he paused for a minute... "Come to think of it, who would want a crystal ball but another medium? And the only other swami in town is Swami Yogurt!" cried Salami. "He has always been jealous of my crystal ball. It's bigger than his and gets much better picture reception... in color, too!"

"That's it," said Perry. "Swami Yogurt must be the thief. We'll go and search his place right now. Your good thinking gave me the clues I needed."

As they went out the door, Swami Salami said, "If I'd really been a good thinker I would've figured this out before coming to you and saved myself a big fee." Perry told him to quit thinking.

Shortly they arrived in front of Swami Yogurt's place of business. A big sign read: 'SWAMI YOGURT TELLS ALL!'

"Sounds like a big tattletale to me," Perry mused out loud.

Inside, the evil Swami Yogurt gloated over his new crystal ball. He was, indeed, the thief. He also was dressed in flowing robes and a tall turban... the standard costume for swamis and mediums.

"Heh, heh... at last I've got old Salami's twenty-one inch crystal ball instead of my seventeen incher," chuckled Yogurt.

"You may get seventeen to twenty-one days in jail for this, Swami Yogurt," yelled our hero as he smashed through the door. (He always smashes through doors... even unlocked ones. It looks so much more heroic.)

While Perry was recovering, Swami Yogurt dashed outside with the crystal ball.

Swami Yogurt was a fast runner, so by the time Perry and Salami caught up, he had run around the corner and all the way to the end of a pier at the harbor. There was no crystal ball in his hands.

"What did you do with my crystal ball, you villain?" cried Swami Salami.

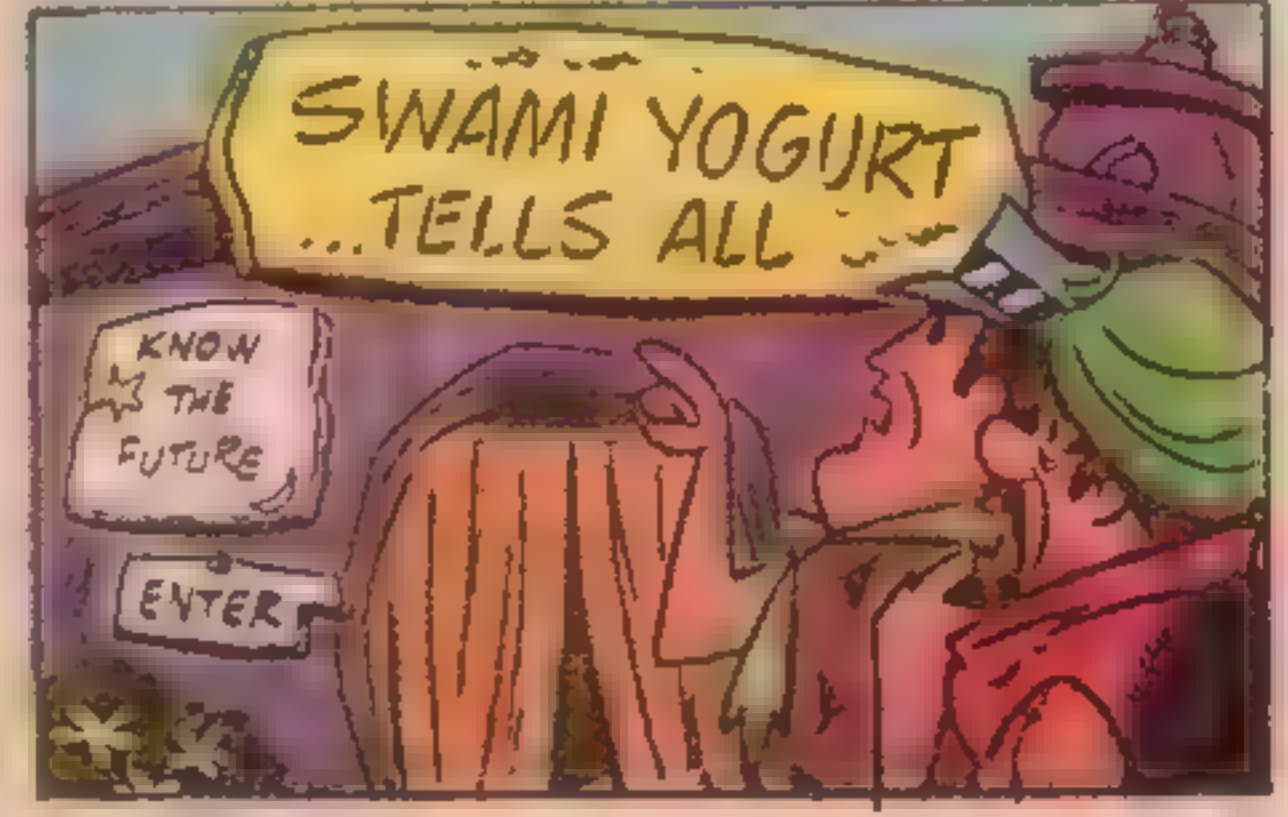
"I tossed it into the ocean," replied the evil medium, laughing gleefully.

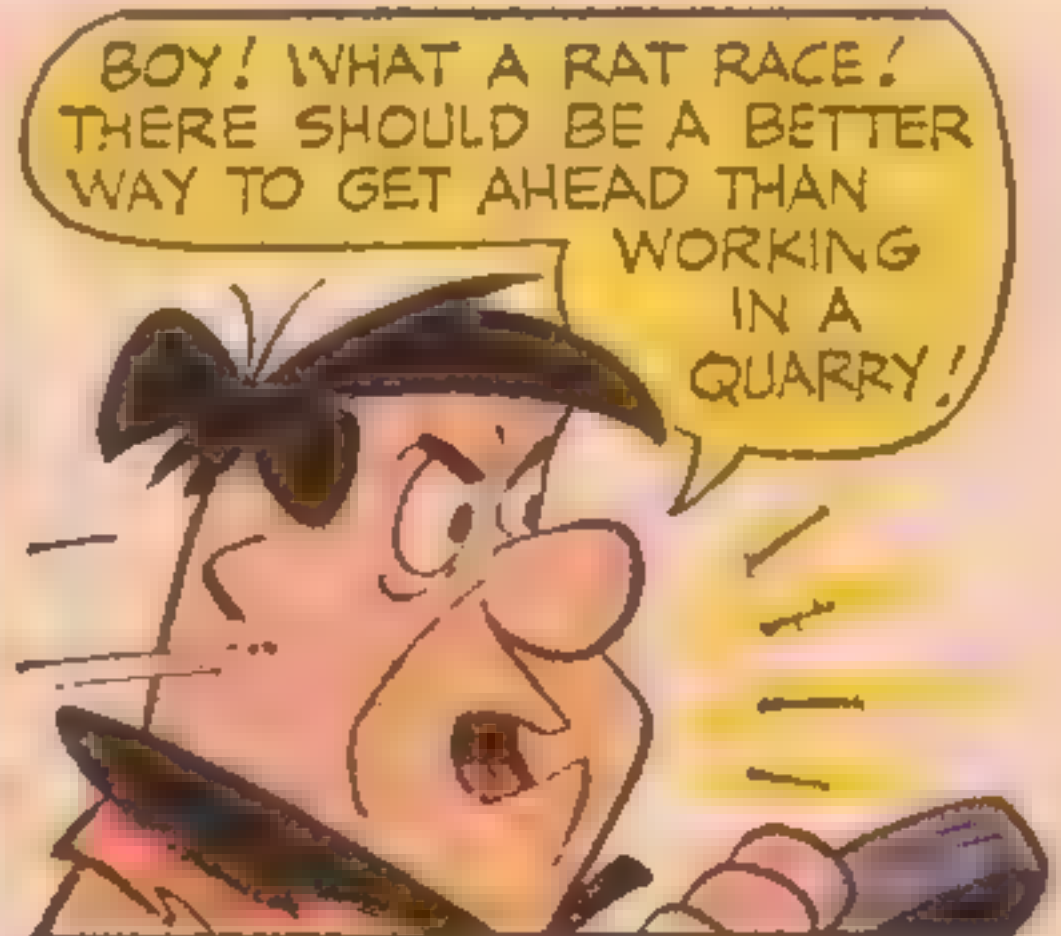
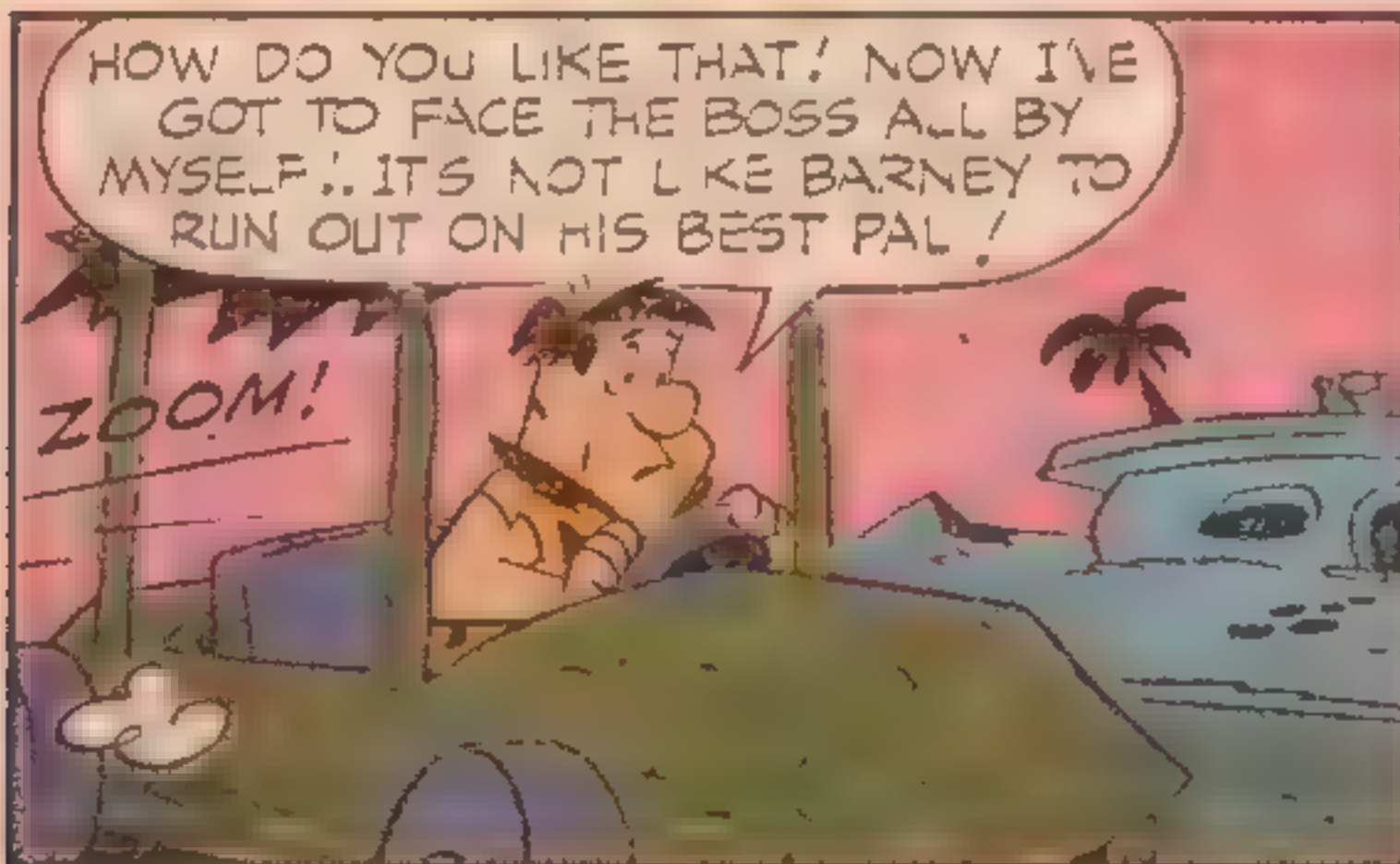
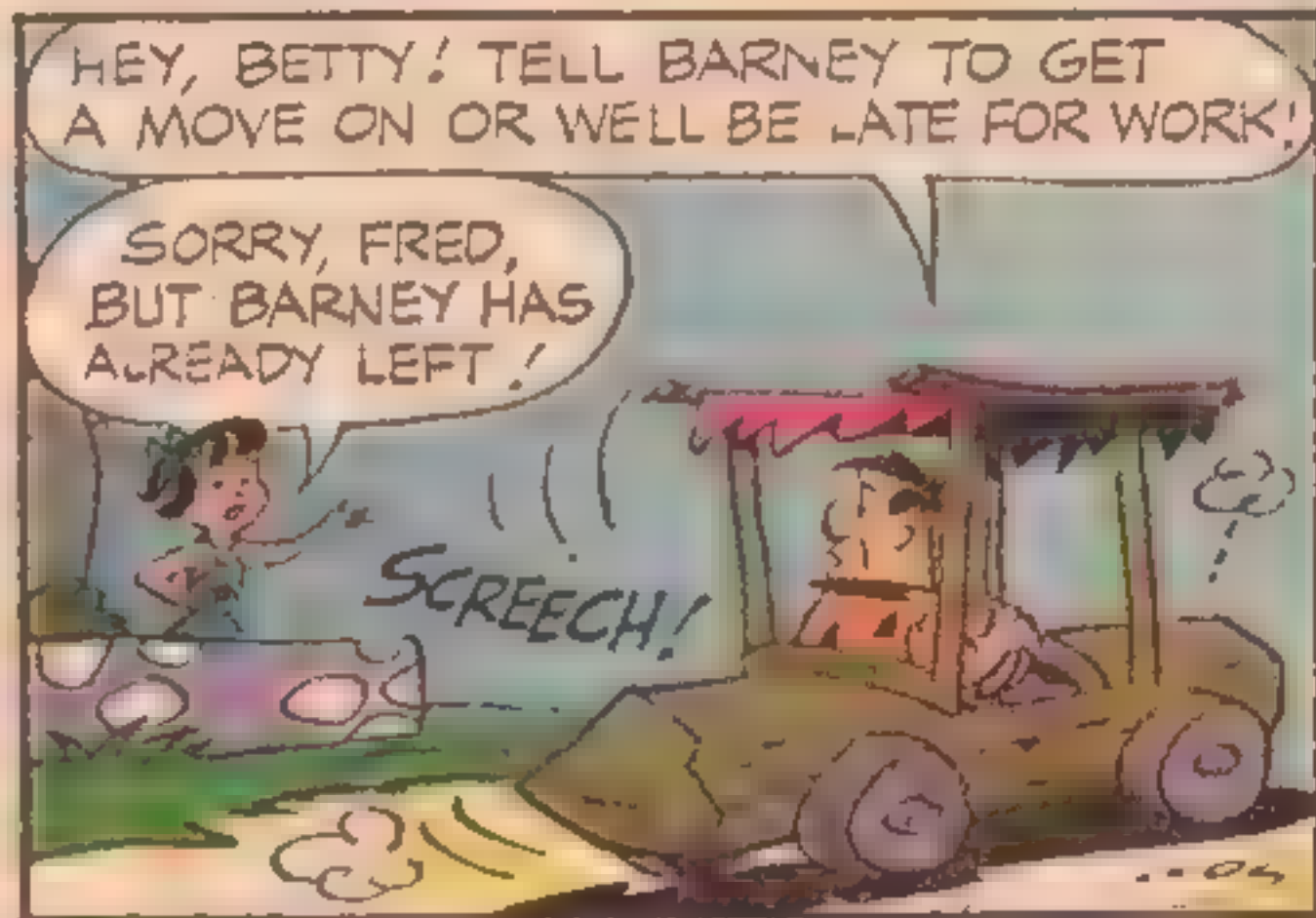
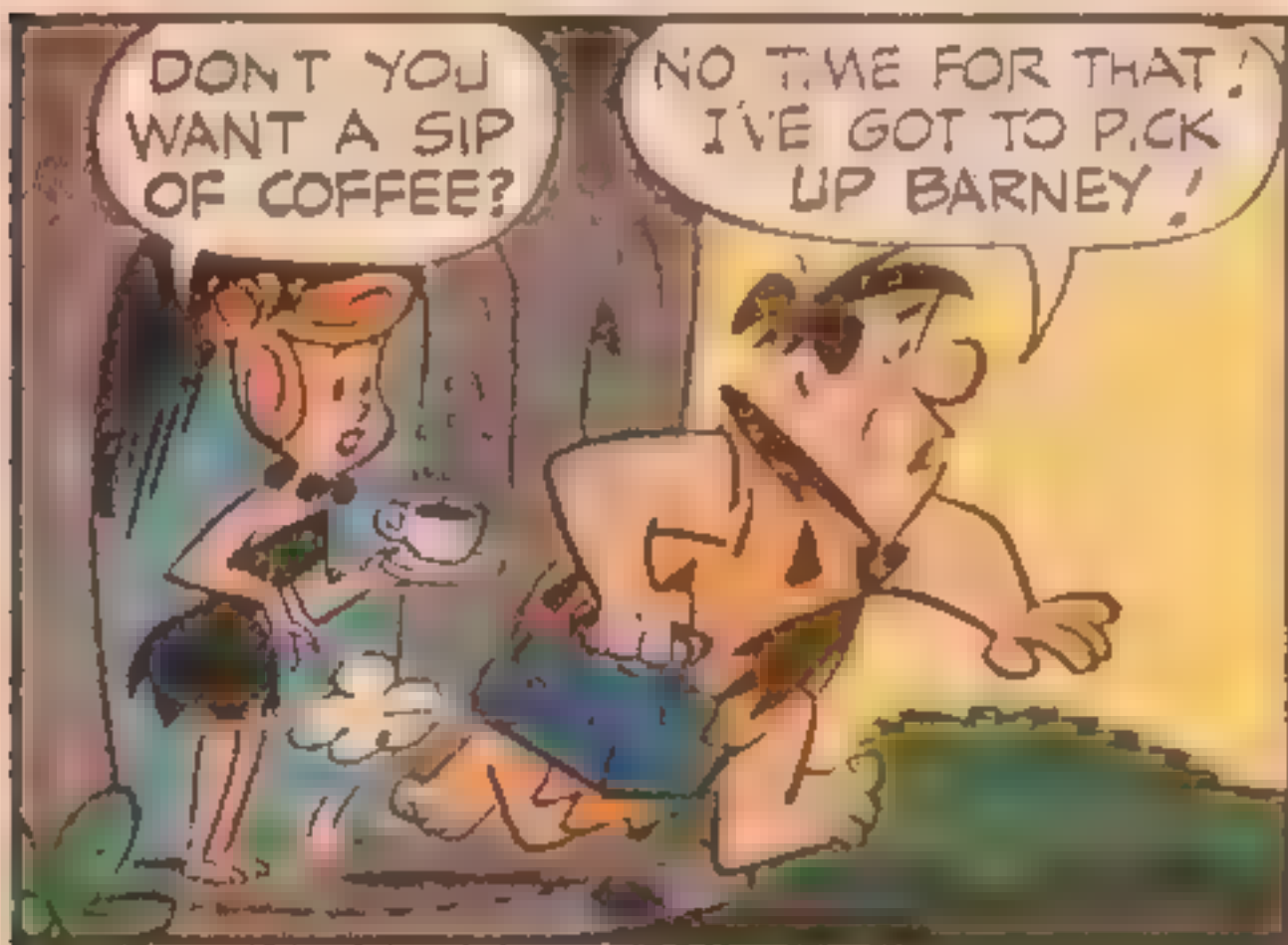
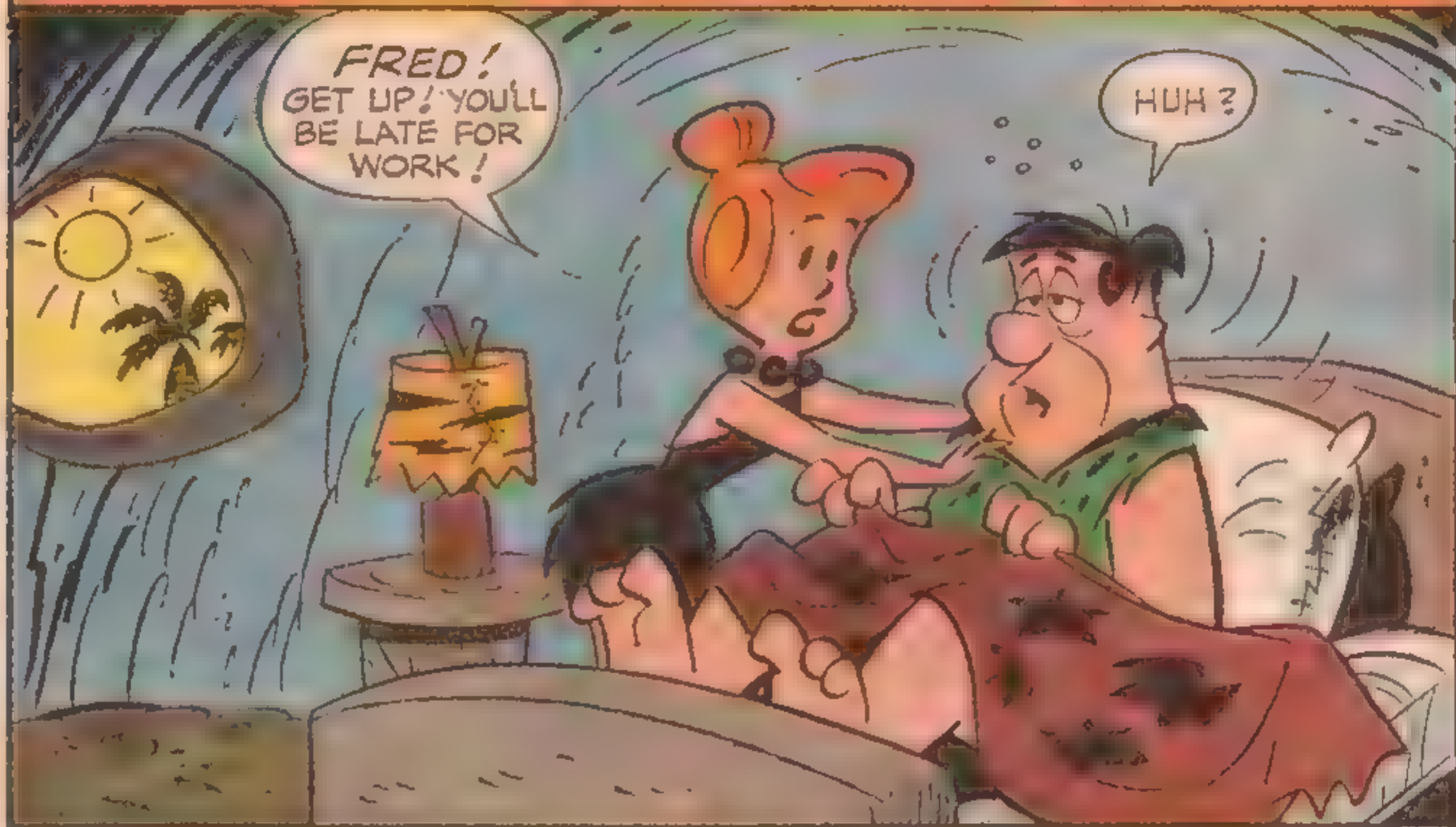
"Don't believe that baloney, Salami," said Perry as he hit Yogurt's turban.

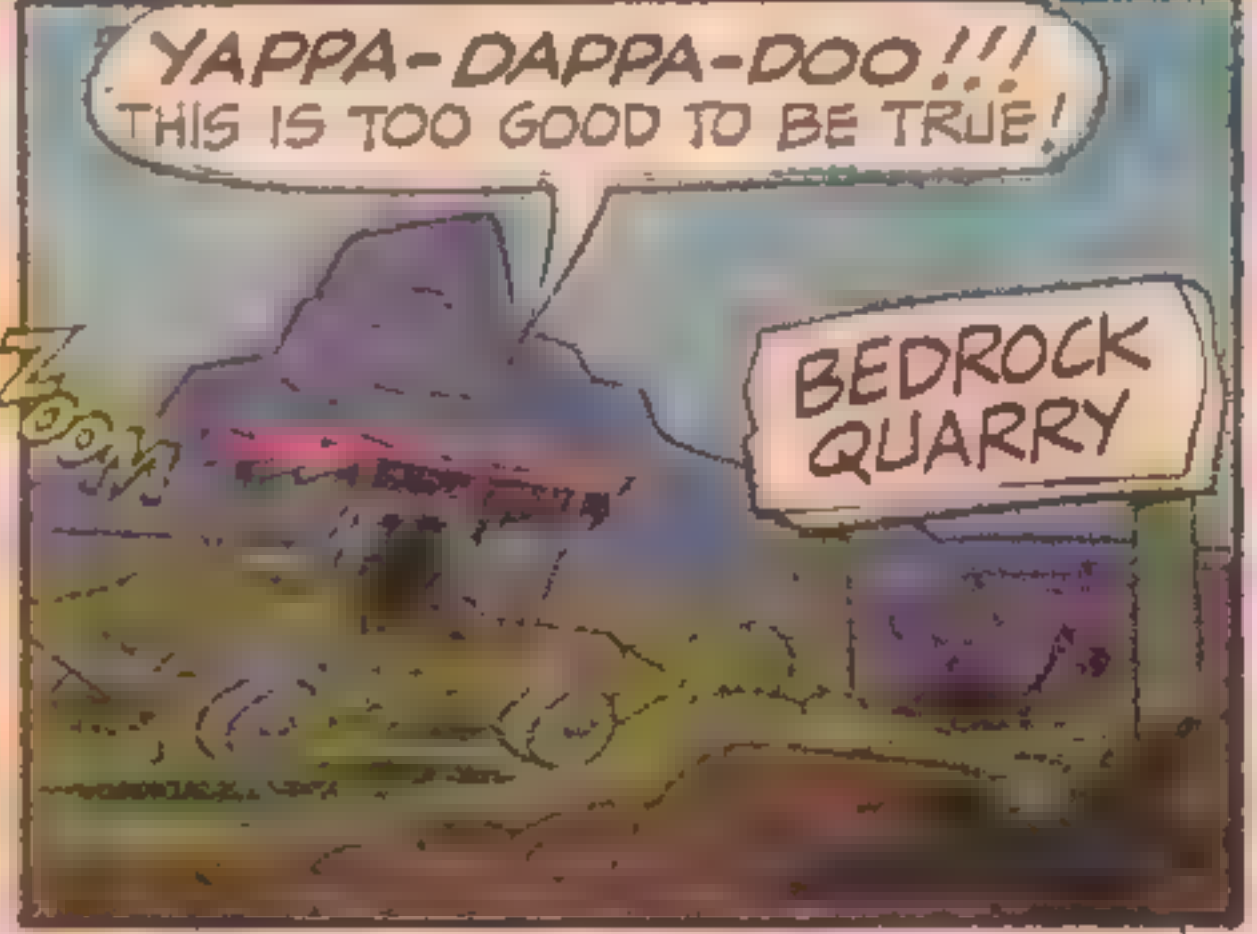
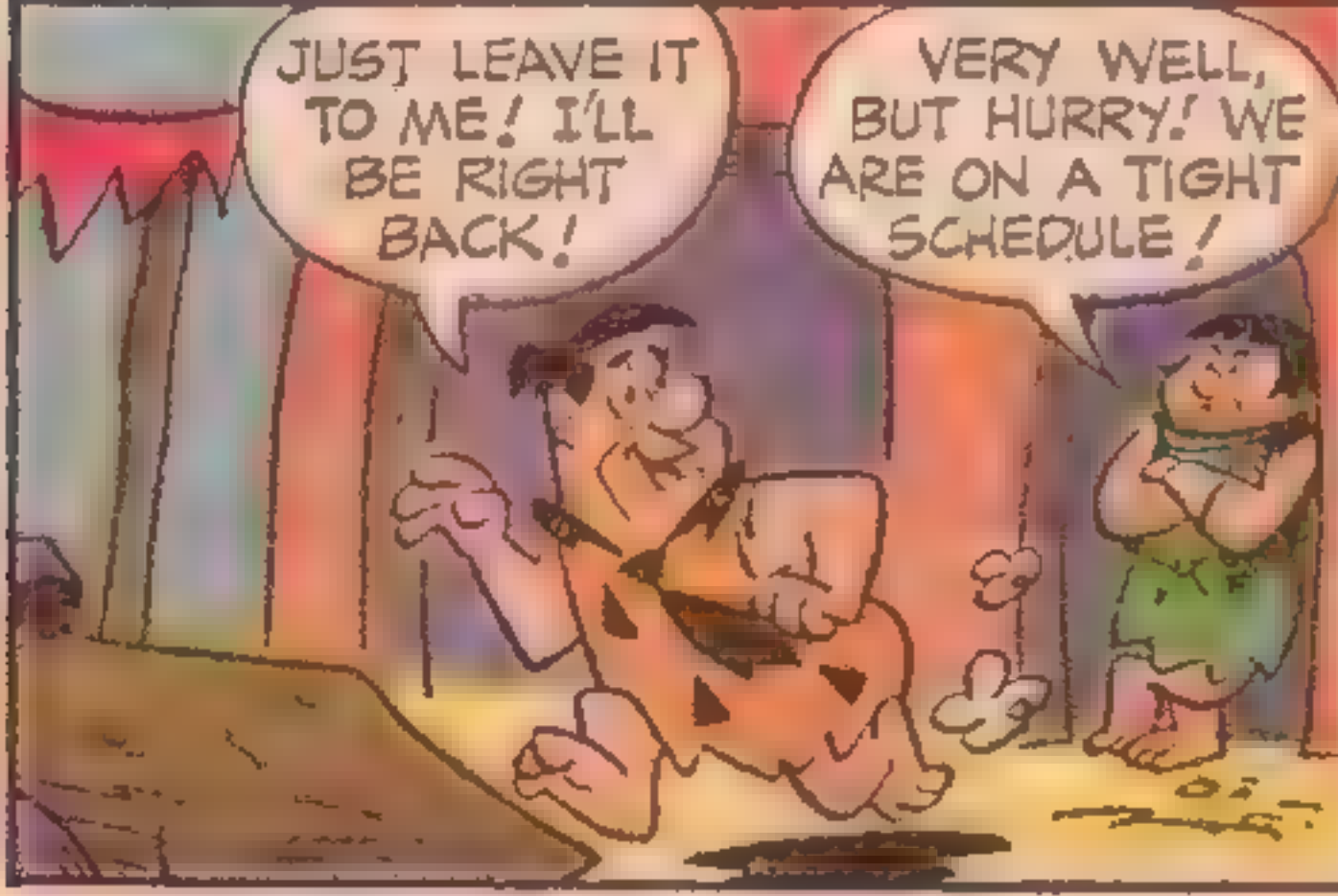
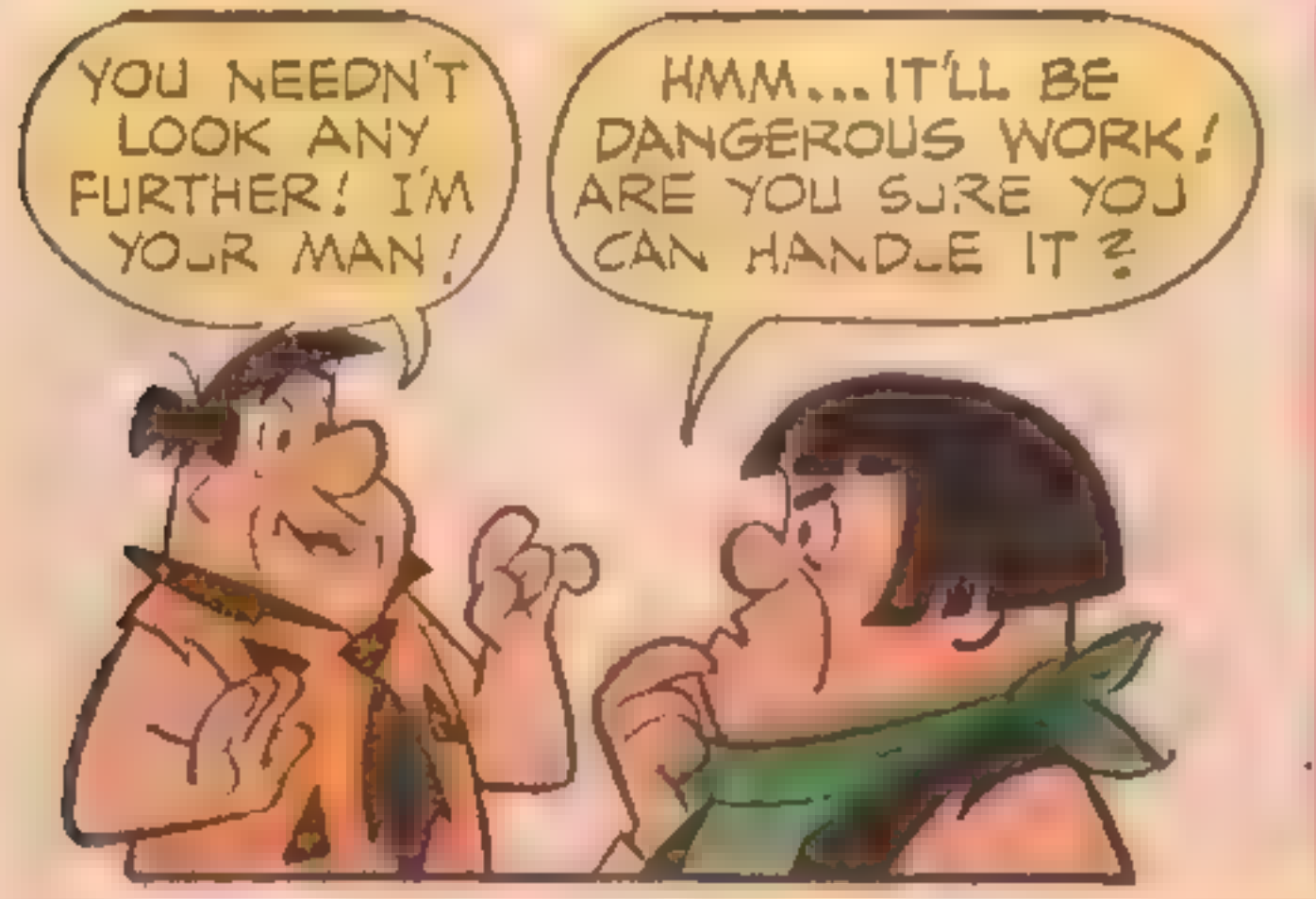
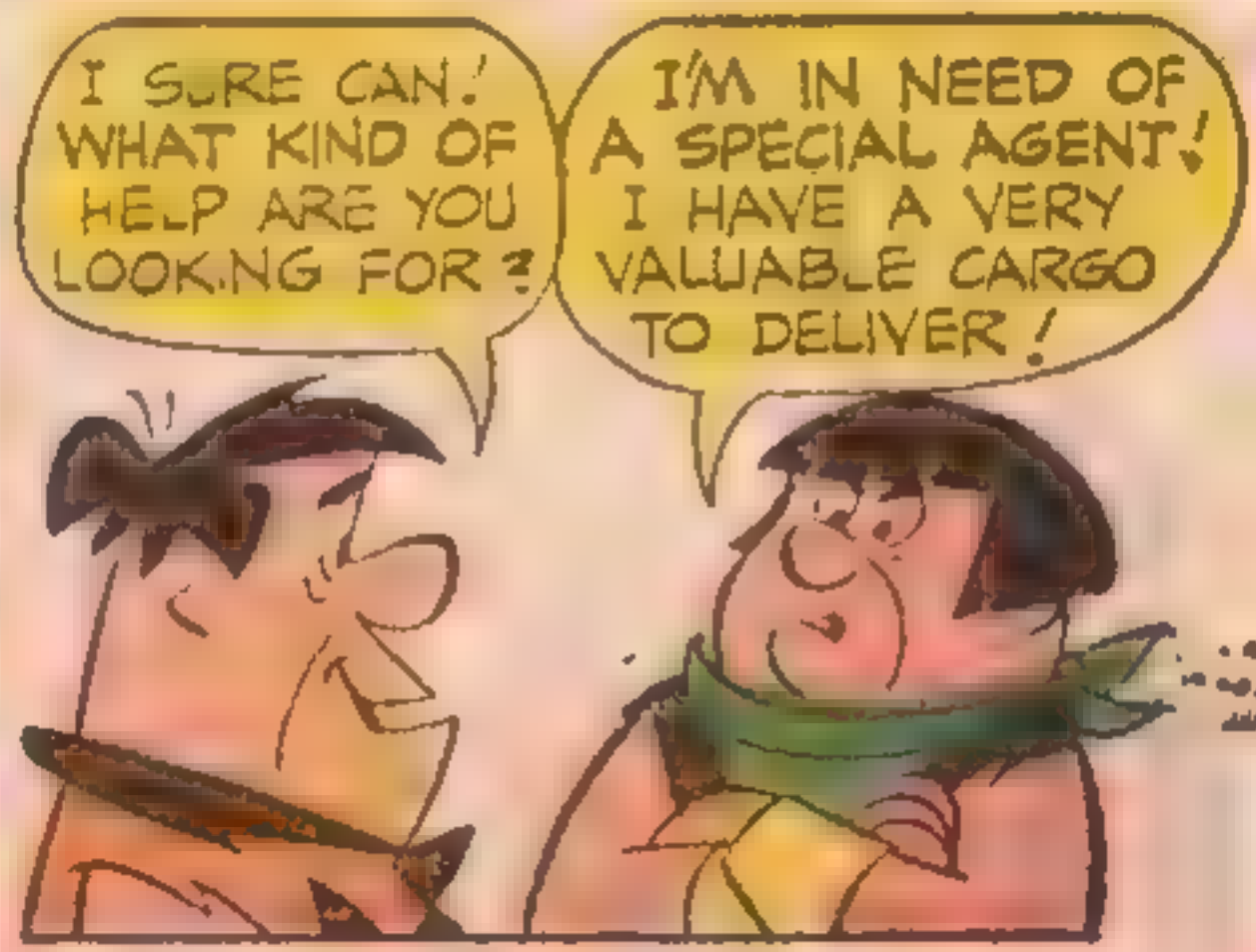
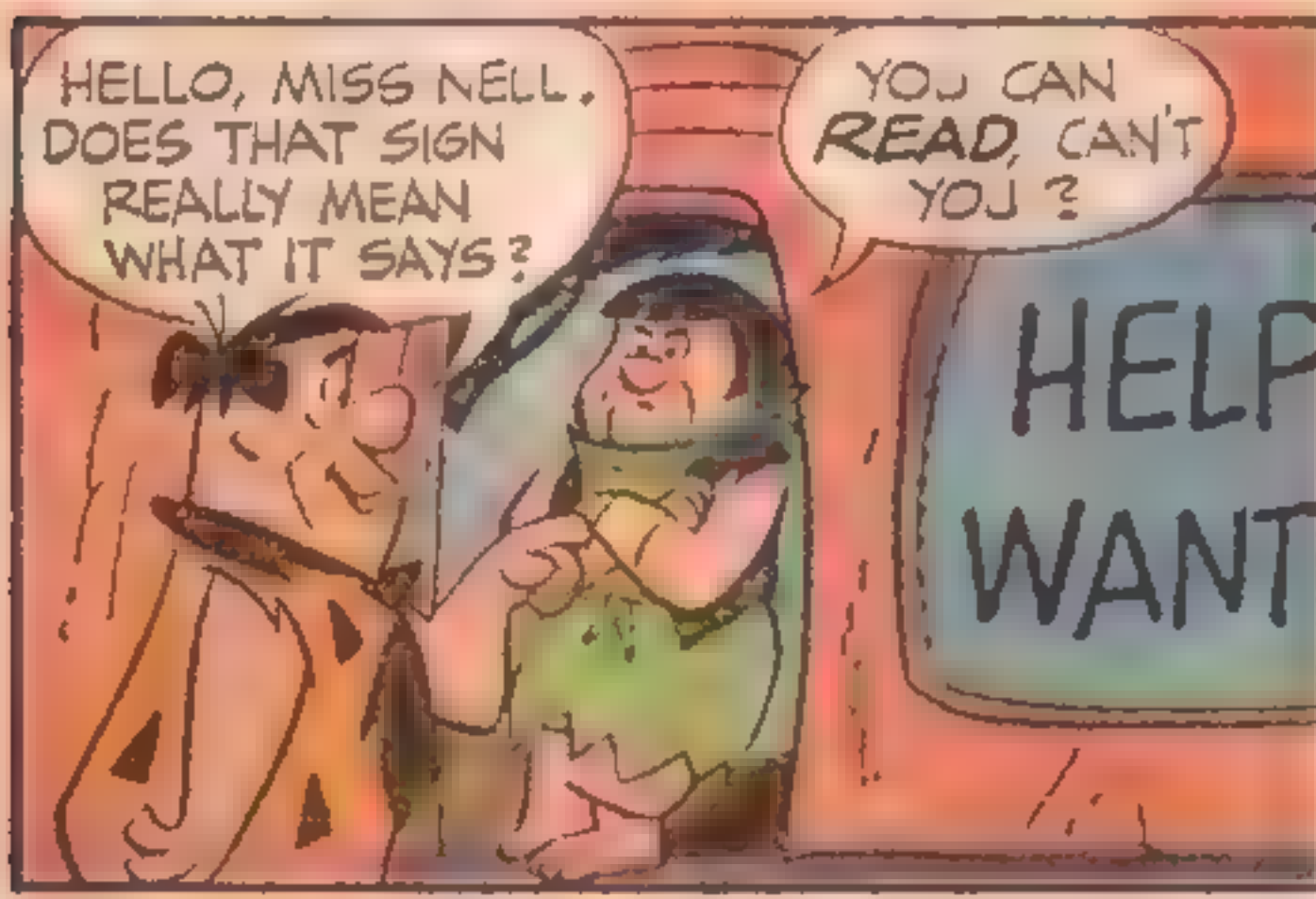
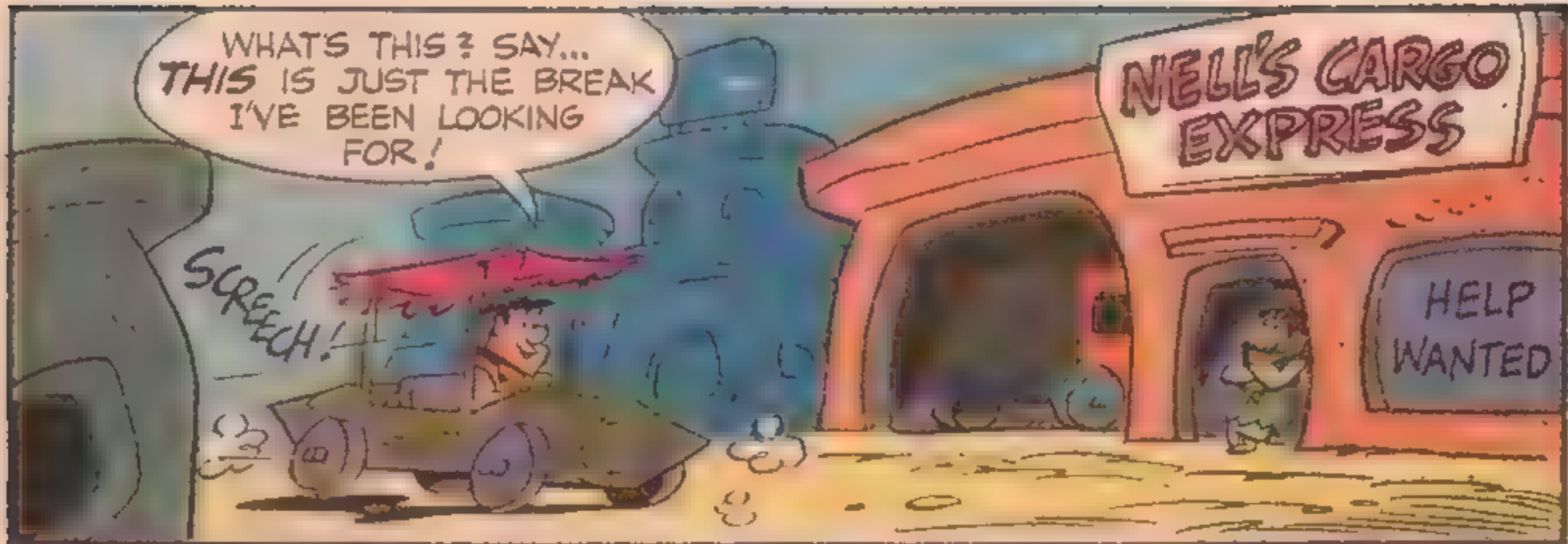
As the tall turban fell to the ground, it revealed the crystal ball, balanced on top of Swami Yogurt's head!

On the way back to the police station, Salami asked Perry how he knew Yogurt was lying, and how he got the idea to hit the turban off.

"Easy," replied Perry. "I got suspicious when I saw him so happy even though his plot to steal the ball had failed. I figured he must still have it, and I followed some advice my mother gave me long ago... always strike a happy medium!"









HEY, YOU OLD MISER!
I'M QUITTING! YOU'LL JUST HAVE
TO GET ALONG WITHOUT ME!

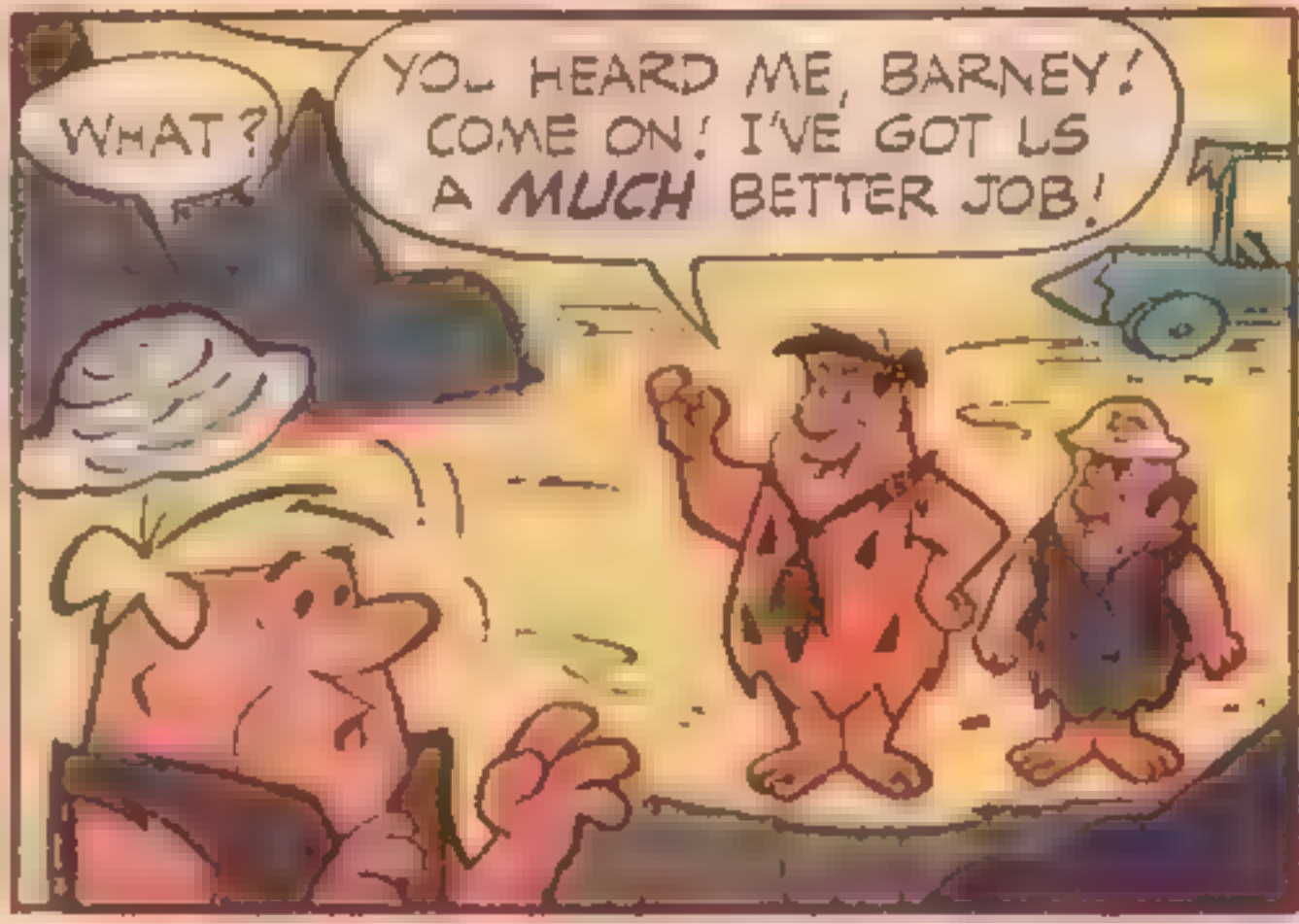
WELL NOW, THAT SHOULDN'T BE
HARD, FLINTSTONE...WE'VE DONE
WITHOUT YOU FOR THE PAST HOUR
WHILE YOU'VE BEEN
SNOOZING IN BED.

TAKE IT
EASY, FRED!



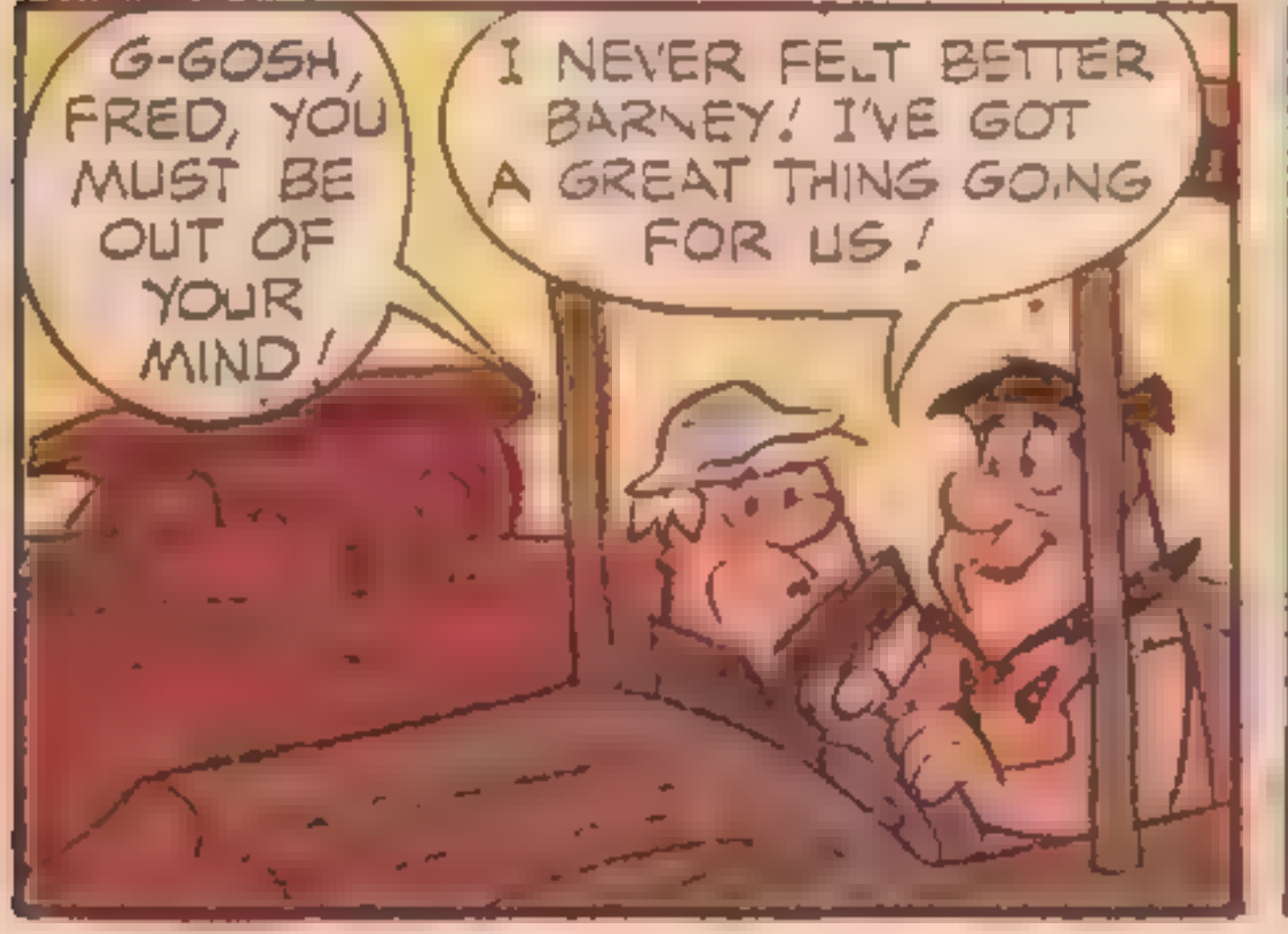
PAY NO ATTENTION ON TO
HIM, BOSS...HE
DOESN'T MEAN IT!

OH, YES I
DO! AND SO
DOES MY PAL HERE.
**HE'S QUITTING
TOO!**



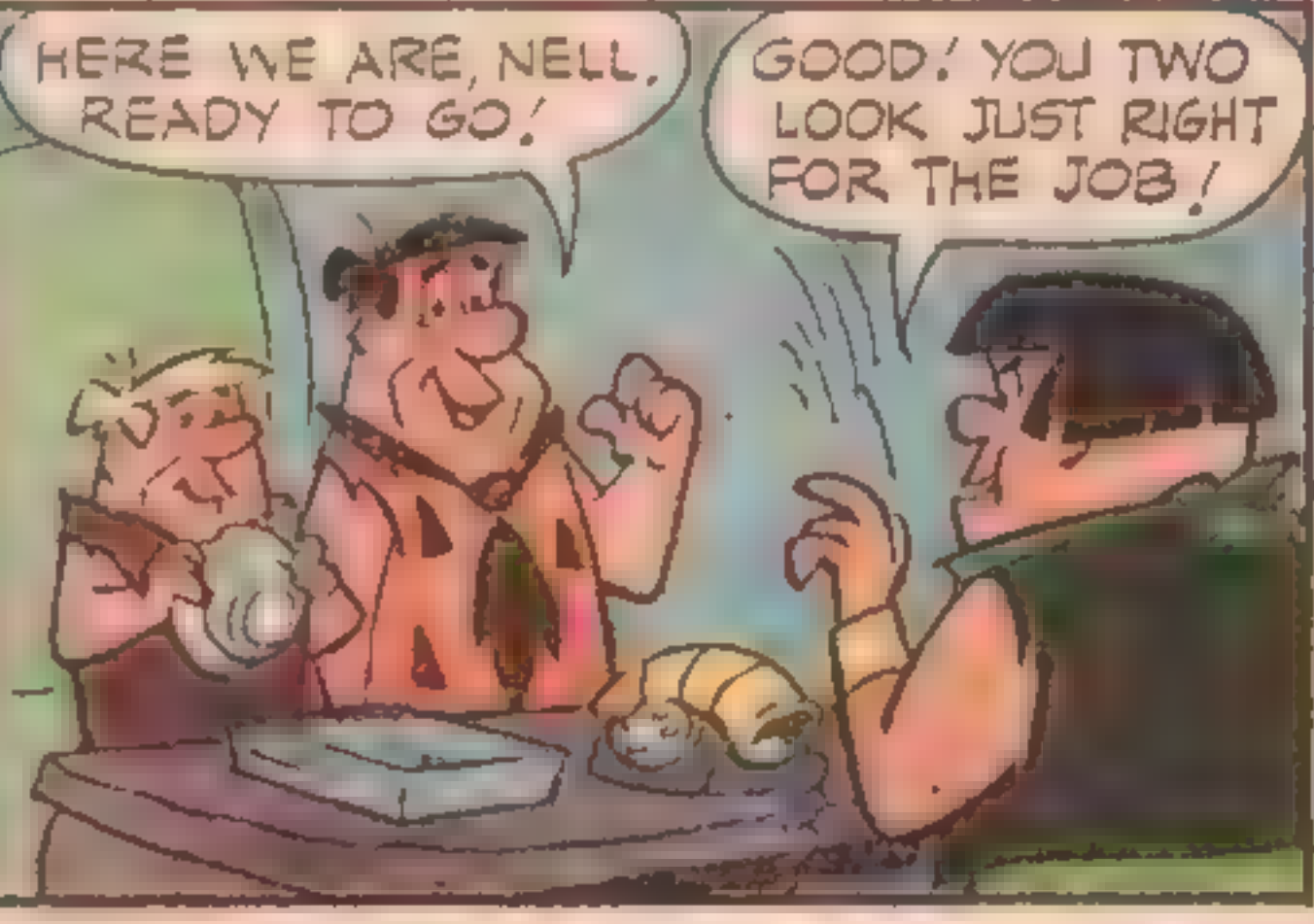
WHAT?

YOU HEARD ME, BARNEY!
COME ON! I'VE GOT US
A **MUCH** BETTER JOB!



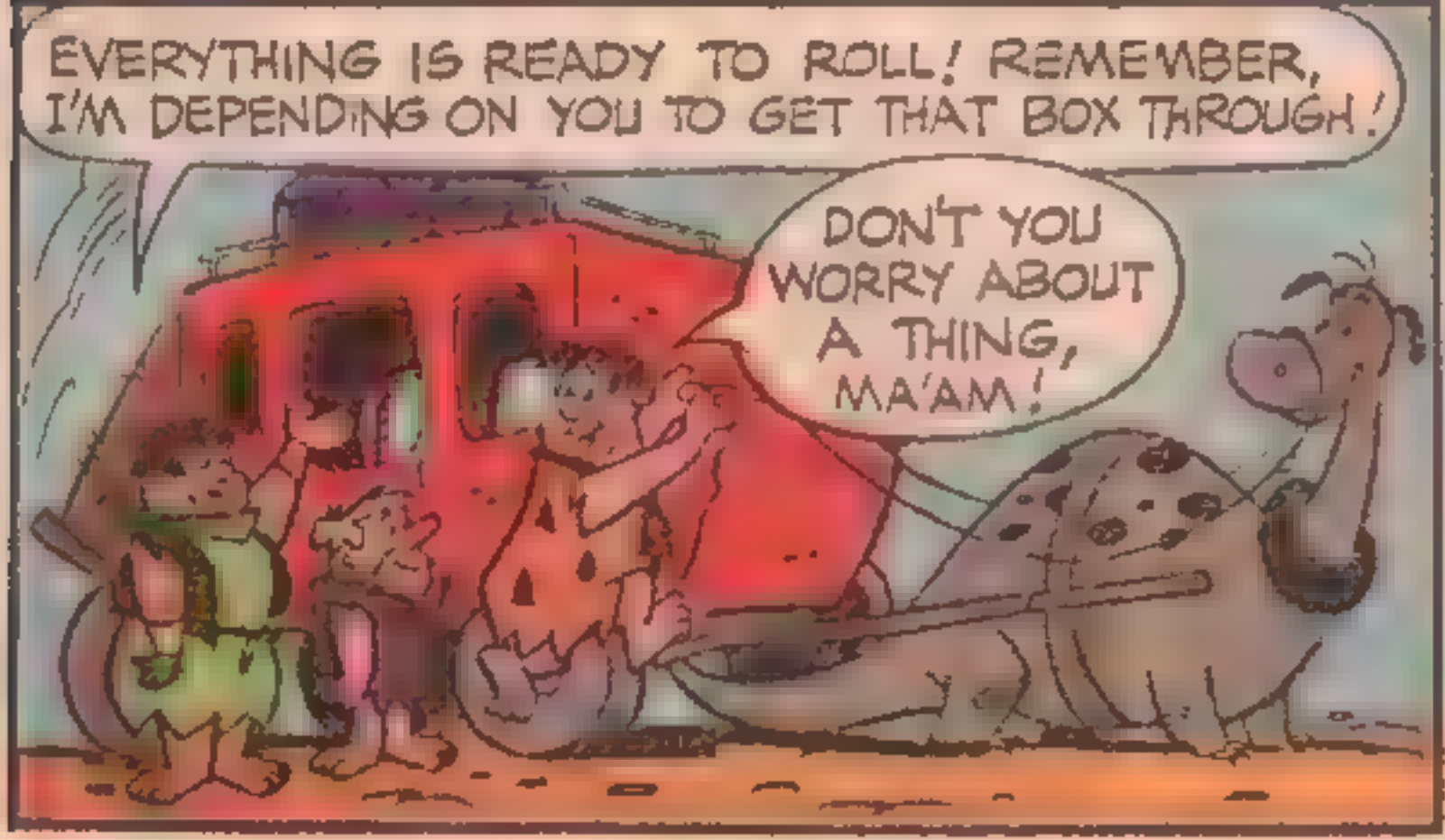
G-GOSH,
FRED, YOU
MUST BE
OUT OF
YOUR
MIND!

I NEVER FELT BETTER
BARNEY! I'VE GOT
A GREAT THING GOING
FOR US!



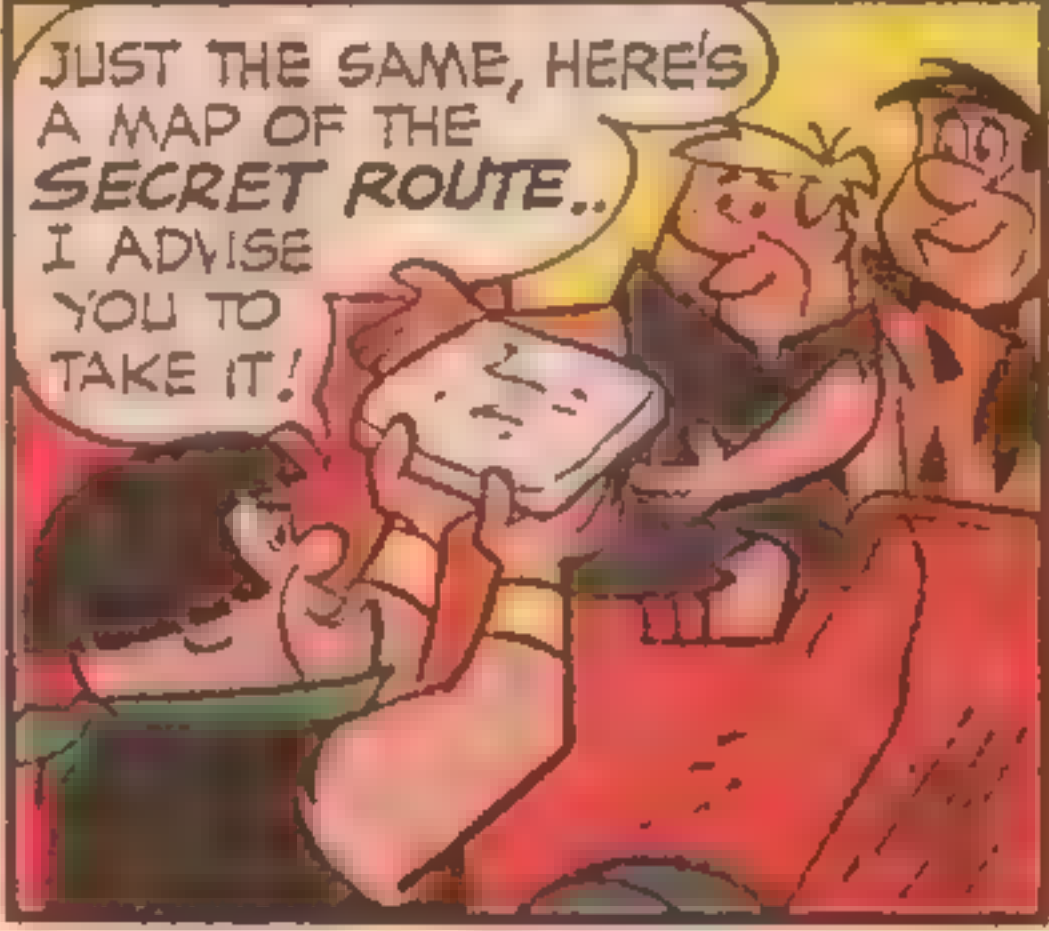
HERE WE ARE, NELL.
READY TO GO!

GOOD! YOU TWO
LOOK JUST RIGHT
FOR THE JOB!



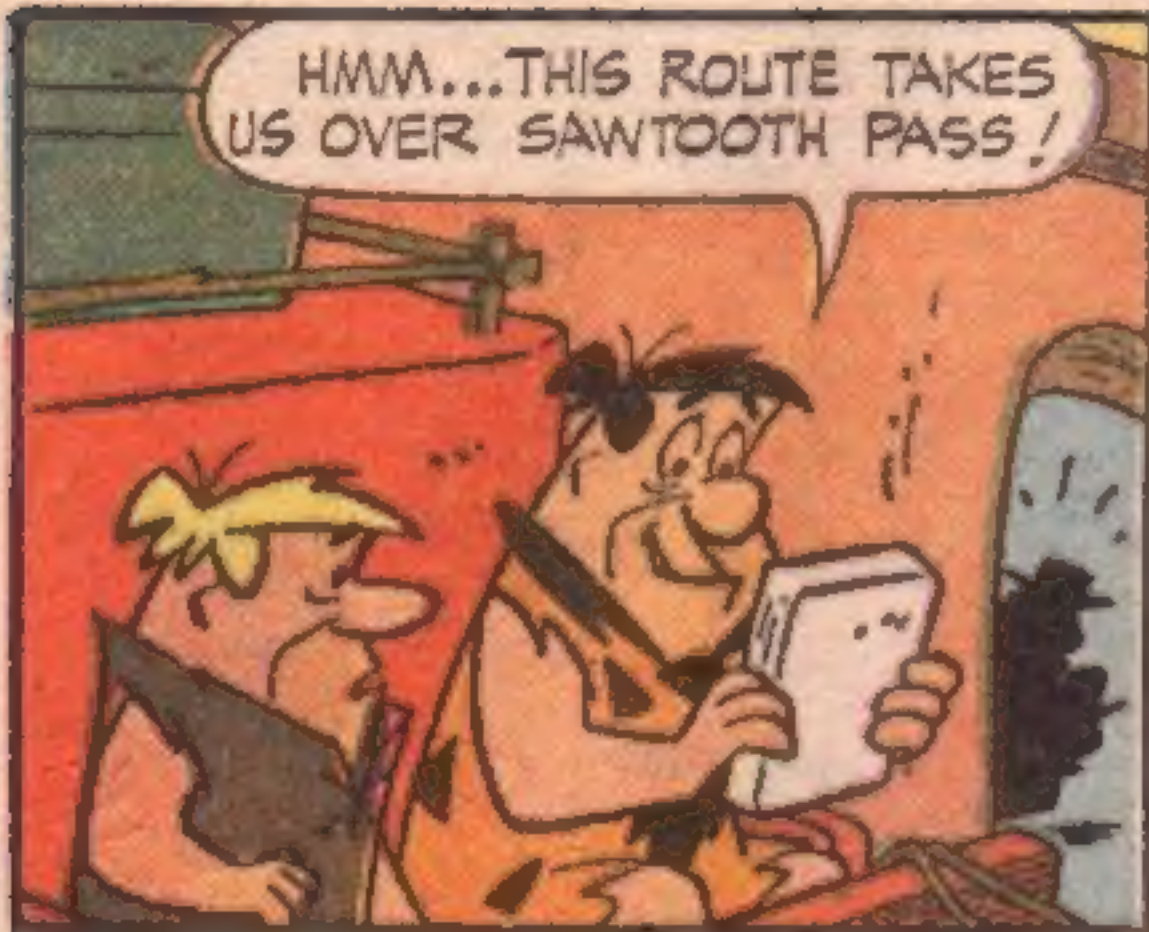
EVERYTHING IS READY TO ROLL! REMEMBER,
I'M DEPENDING ON YOU TO GET THAT BOX THROUGH!

DON'T YOU
WORRY ABOUT
A THING,
MA'AM!

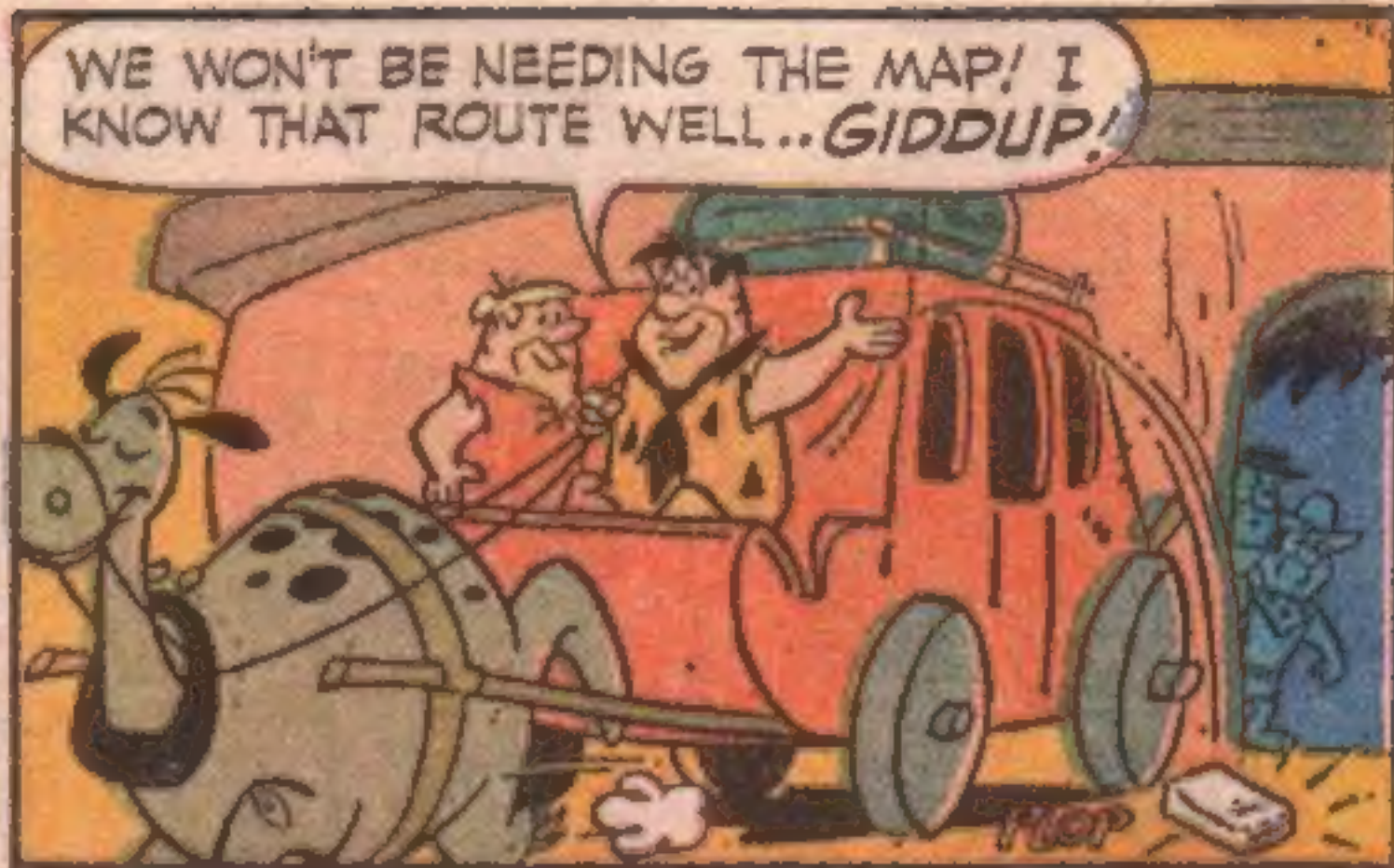


JUST THE SAME, HERE'S
A MAP OF THE
SECRET ROUTE..
I ADVISE
YOU TO
TAKE IT!

HMM...THIS ROUTE TAKES US OVER SAWTOOTH PASS!



WE WON'T BE NEEDING THE MAP! I KNOW THAT ROUTE WELL..GIDDUP!



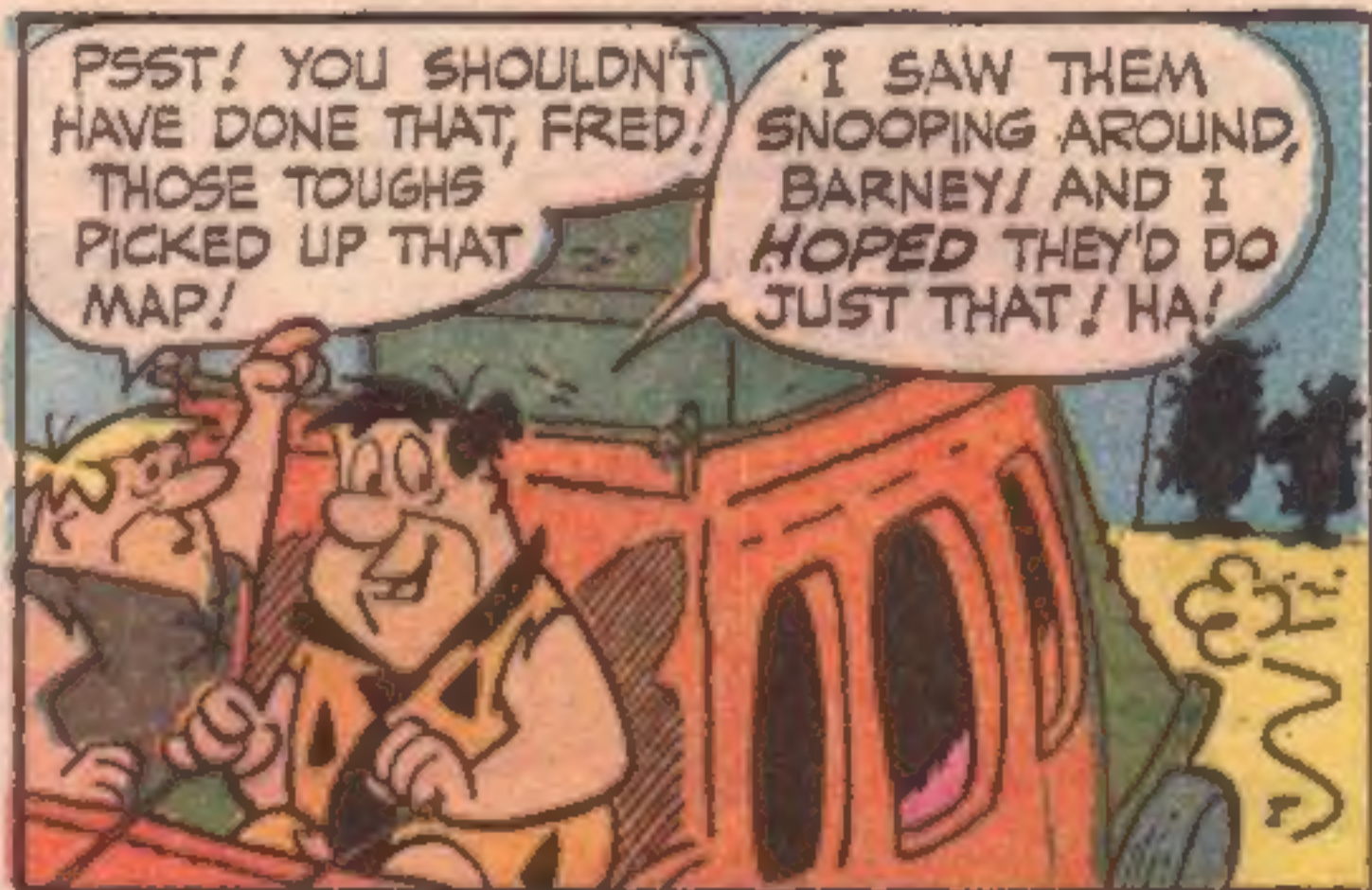
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THAT MAP, GIMP!

GOOD IDEA, GYP!



PSST! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, FRED! THOSE TOUGHS PICKED UP THAT MAP!

I SAW THEM SNOOPING AROUND, BARNEY! AND I HOPED THEY'D DO JUST THAT! HA!



NOW **WE'LL** TAKE THE ROUND ABOUT WAY, THROUGH SOAPSTONE GULCH!

GOOD THINKING, FRED!



THIS JOB IS A CINCH! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS USE THE OLD BEAN!

(WHEW!) YOU GOT TO USE A LOT OF MUSCLE, TOO!



HOURS LATER...

GIVE HER ALL YOU GOT, BARNEY! WE'RE ALMOST TO THE TOP!

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID AN HOUR AGO, FRED!

